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W. H. O. W.

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W A V E R L E Y,
OR
'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Under which King, Bezonian? speak, or die!

HENRY IV. Part II.

V O L. II.

Z W I C K A U,
PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

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WAVELLY

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Waverley proceeds on his Journey.*

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WHEN Edward had collected his scattered recollection, he was surprised to observe the cavern totally deserted. Having arisen and put his dress in some order, he looked more accurately around him, but all was still solitary. If it had not been for the decayed brands of the fire, now sunk into grey ashes, and the remnants of the festival, consisting of bones half burnt and half gnawed, and an empty keg or two, there remained no traces of Donald and his band. When Waverley sallied forth to the entrance of the cave, he perceived that the point of rock, on which remained the mark of last night's beacon, was accessible by a small path, either natural, or roughly hewn in the



rock, along the little inlet of water which ran a few yards up into the cavern, where, as in a wet-dock, the skiff which brought him there the night before, was still lying moored. When he reached the small projecting platform on which the beacon had been established, he would have believed his farther progress by land impossible, only that it was scarce probable but what the inhabitants of the cavern had some mode of issuing from it otherwise than by the lake. Accordingly, he soon observed three or four shelving steps, or ledges of rock, at the very extremity of the little platform; and, making use of them as a staircase, he clambered by their means around the projecting shoulder of the crag on which the cavern opened, and, descending with some difficulty on the other side, he gained the wild and precipitous shores of a Highland loch, about four miles in length, and a mile and a half over, surrounded by heathy and savage mountains, on the crests of which the morning mist was still sleeping.

Looking back to the place from which he came, he could not help admiring the address which had adopted a retreat of such seclusion and secrecy. The rock, round the shoulder of which he had turned by a few imperceptible notches, that barely afforded place for the foot, seemed, in looking back upon it, a huge pre-



cipice, which barred all farther passage by the shores of the lake in that direction. There could be no possibility, the breadth of the lake considered, of descrying the entrance of the narrow and low-browed cave from the other side; so that unless the retreat had been sought for with boats, or disclosed by treachery, it might be a safe and secret residence to its garrison so long as they were supplied with provisions. Having satisfied his curiosity in these particulars, Waverley looked around for Evan Dhu and his attendant, who, he rightly judged, would be at no great distance, whatever might have become of Donald Bean Lean and his party, whose mode of life was, of course, liable to sudden migrations of abode. Accordingly, at the distance of about half a mile, he beheld a Highlander (Evan apparently) angling in the lake, with another attending him, whom, from the weapon which he shouldered, he recognised for his friend with the battle-axe.

Much nearer to the mouth of the cave he heard the notes of a lively Gaelic song, guided by which, in a sunny recess, shaded by a glittering birch-tree, and carpeted with a bank of firm white sand, he found the damsel of the cavern, whose lay had already reached him, busy, to the best of her power, in arranging o advantage a morning repast of milk, eggs,



barley-bread, fresh butter, and honeycomb. The poor girl had made a circuit of four miles that morning in search of the eggs, of the meal which baked her cakes, and of the other materials of the breakfast, being all delicacies which she had to beg or borrow from distant cottagers. The followers of Donald Bean Lean used little food except the flesh of the animals which they drove away from the Lowlands; bread itself was a delicacy seldom thought of, because hard to be obtained, and all the domestic accommodations of milk, poultry, butter, etc. were out of the question in this Scythian camp. Yet it must not be omitted, that although Alice had occupied a part of the morning in providing those accommodations for her guest which the cavern did not afford, she had secured time also to arrange her own person in her best trim. Her finery was very simple. A short russet coloured jacket, and a petticoat, of scanty longitude, was her whole dress; but these were clean, and neatly arranged. A piece of scarlet embroidered cloth, called the *snood*, confined her hair, which fell over it in a profusion of rich dark curls. The scarlet plaid, which formed part of her dress was laid aside, that it might not impede her activity in attending the stranger. I should forget Alice's proudest ornament, were I to omit mentioning a pair of gold ear-rings,



and a golden rosary, which her father (for she was the daughter of Donald Bean Lean) had brought from France, the plunder probably of some battle or storm.

Her form, though rather large for her years, was very well proportioned, and her demeanour had a natural and rustic grace, with nothing of the sheepishness of an ordinary peasant. The smiles, displaying a row of teeth of exquisite whiteness, and the laughing eyes, with which, in dumb show, she gave Waverley that morning greeting which she wanted English words to express, might have been interpreted by a coxcomb, or perhaps by a young soldier, who, without being such, was conscious of a handsome person, as meant to convey more than the courtesy of a hostess. Nor do I take it upon me to say, that the little wild mountaineer would have welcomed any staid old gentleman advanced in life, the Baron of Bradwardine, for example, with the cheerful pains which she bestowed upon Edward's accommodation. She seemed eager to place him by the meal which she had so sedulously arranged, and to which she now added a few bunches of cranberries, gathered in an adjacent morass. Having had the satisfaction of seeing him seated at his breakfast, she placed herself demurely upon a stone at a few yards distance, and appeared to watch



with great complacency for some opportunity of serving him.

Evan and his attendant now returned slowly along the beach, the latter bearing a large salmon-trout, the produce of the morning's sport, together with the angling-rod, while Evan strolled forward with an easy, self-satisfied, and important gait towards the spot where Waverley was so agreeably employed at the breakfast-table. After morning greetings had passed on both sides, and Evan, looking at Waverley, had said something in Gaelic to Alice, which made her laugh, yet colour up to the eyes, through a complexion well embrowned by sun and wind, Evan intimated his commands that the fish should be prepared for breakfast. A spark from the lock of his pistol produced a light, and a few withered fir branches were quickly in flame, and as speedily reduced to hot embers, on which the trout was broiled in large slices. To crown the repast, Evan produced from the pocket of his short jerkin a large scallop shell, and from under the folds of his plaid, a ram's horn full of whisky. Of this he took a copious dram, observing, he had already taken his *morning* with Donald Bean Lean, before his departure; he offered the same cordial to Alice and to Edward, which they both declined. With the bounteous air of a lord, Evan then proffered



the scallop to Dugald Mahony, his attendant, who, without waiting to be asked a second time, drank it off with great gusto. Evan then prepared to move towards the boat, inviting Waverley to attend him. Meanwhile Alice had made up in a small basket what she thought worth removing, and flinging her plaid around her, she advanced up to Edward, and with the utmost simplicity, taking hold of his hand, offered her cheek to his salute, dropping, at the same time, her little courtesy. Evan, who was esteemed a wag among the mountain fair, advanced, as if to secure a similar favour; but Alice, snatching up her basket, escaped up the rocky bank as fleetly as a roe, and, turning round and laughing, called something out to him in Gaelic, which he answered in the same tone and language; then waving her hand to Edward, she resumed her road, and was soon lost among the thickets, though they continued for some time to hear her lively carol, as she proceeded gaily on her solitary journey.

They now again entered the gorge of the cavern, and, stepping into the boat, the Highlander pushed off, and taking advantage of the morning breeze, hoisted a clumsy sort of sail, while Evan assumed the helm, directing their course, as it appeared to Waverley rather higher up the lake than towards the place of his em-



barkation on the preceding night. As they glided along the silver mirror, Evan opened the conversation with a panegyrick upon Alice, who, he said, was both *canny* and *fendy*; and was, to the boot of all that, the best dancer of a strathspey in the whole strath. Edward assented to her praises so far as he understood them, yet could not help regretting that she was condemned to such a perilous and dismal life.

“Oich! for that,” said Evan, “there is nothing in Perthshire that she need want, if she ask her father to fetch it, unless it be too hot or too heavy.”

“But to be the daughter of a cattlestealer — a common thief!”

“Common thief! — No such thing; Donald Bean Lean never *lifted* less than a drove in his life.”

“Do you call him an uncommon thief, then?”

“No — he that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird is a gentleman-drover. And, besides, to take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a Lowland strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon.”

“But what can this end in, were he taken in such an appropriation?”



«To be sure he would *die for the law*, as many a pretty man has done before him.»

«Die for the law!»

«Ay; that is, with the law, or by the law; be strapped up on the *kind* gallows of Crieff, where his father died, and his goodsire died, and where, I hope, he'll live to die himsel, if he's not shot, or slashed, in a *creagh*.»

«You *hope* such a death for your friend, Evan?»

«And that do I e'en; would you have me wish him to die on a bundle of wet straw in yon den of his, like a mangy tyke?»

«But what becomes of Alice, then?»

«Troth, if such an accident were to happen, as her father would not need her help any langer, I ken nought to hinder me to marry her mysel.»

«Gallantly resolved,” said Edward; — «but, in the meanwhile, Evan, what has your father-in-law (that shall be, if he have the good fortune to be hanged) done with the Baron's cattle?»

«Oich,” answered Evan, «they were all trudging before your lad and Allan Kennedy, before the sun blinked ower Ben-Lawers this morning; and they'll be in the pass of Bally-Brough by this time, in their way back to the parks of Tully-Veolan, all but two, that were unhappily



slaughtered before I got last night to Uaimh an Ri."

"And where are we going, Evan, if I may be so bold as to ask?" said Waverley.

"Where would ye be ganging, but to the laird's ain house of Glennaquoich? Ye would not think to be in his country without ganging to see him? It would be as much as a man's life's worth."

"And are we far from Glennaquoich?"

"But five bits of miles; an Vich Ian Vohr will meet us."

In about half an hour they reached the upper end of the lake, where, after landing Waverley, the two Highlanders drew the boat into a little creek among thick flags and reeds, where it lay perfectly concealed. The oars they put in another place of concealment, both for the use of Donald Bean Lean probably, when his occasions should next bring him to that place.

The travellers followed for some time a delightful opening into the hills, down which a little brook found its way to the lake. When they had pursued their walk a short distance, Waverley renewed his questions about their host of the cavern.

"Does he always reside in that cave?"

"Out, no! it's past the skill of man to tell where he's to be found at a' times there's not



a dern nook, or cove, or corri, in the whole country, that he's not acquainted with."

"And do others beside your master shelter him?"

"My master? — *My* master is in Heaven," answered Evan, haughtily; and then immediately assuming his usual civility of manner, "but you mean my chief; — no, he does not shelter Donald Bean Lean, nor any that are like him, he only allows him (with a smile) wood and water."

"No great boon, I should think, Evan, when both seem to be very plenty."

"Ah! but ye dinna see through it. When I say wood and water, I mean the loch and the land; and I fancy Donald would be put till't if the laird were to look for him wi' threescore men in the wood of Kailichat yonder; and if our boats, with a score or twa mair, were to come down the loch to Uaimh an Ri, headed by mysel, or ony other pretty man."

"But suppose a strong party came against him from the low country, would not your chief defend him?"

"Na, he would not ware the spark of a flint for him — if they came with the law."

"And what must Donald do, then?"



“He behoved to rid this country of himsel, and fall back, it may be, over the mount upon Letter-Scriven.”

“And if he were pursued to that place?”

“I’se warrant he would go to his cousin’s at Rannoch.”

“Well, but if they followed him to Rannoch?”

“That,” quoth Evan, “is beyond all belief; and, indeed, to tell you the truth, there durst not a Lowlander in all Scotland follow the fray a gun-shot beyond Bally-Brough, unless he had the help of the *Sidier Dhu*.”

“Whom do you call so?”

“The *Sidier Dhu*? the black soldier; that is what they called the independent companies that were raised to keep peace and law in the Highlands. Vich Ian Vohr commanded one of them for five years, and I was a serjeant mysel, I shall warrant ye. They call them *Sidier Dhu*, because they wear the tartans, as they call your men, — King George’s men — *Sidier Roy*, or red soldiers.”

“Well, but when you were in King George’s pay, Evan, you were surely King George’s soldiers?”

“Troth, and you must ask Vich Ian Vohr about that; for we are for his king, and care not much which o’ them it is. At ony rate,



nobody can say we are King George's men now, when we have not seen his pay this twelve-month."

This last argument admitted of no reply, nor did Edward attempt any: he rather chose to bring back the discourse to Donald Bean Lean. "Does Donald confine himself to cattle, or does he *lift*, as you call it, any thing else that comes in his way?"

"Troth he's nae nice body, and he'll just tak ony thing, but most readily cattle, horse, or live Christians; for sheep are slow of travel, and inside plenishing is cumbrous to carry, and not easy to put away for siller in this country."

"But does he carry off men and women?"

"Out aye. Did not ye hear him speak o' the Perth baillie? It cost that body five hundred marks ere he got to the south o' Bally-Brough. — And ance Donald played a pretty sport. There was to be a blythe bridal between the Lady Cramfeezer, in the howe o' the Mearns, (she was the auld laird's widow, and no sae young as she had been hersel,) and young Gilliewhackit, who had spent his heirship and moveables, like a gentleman, at cock-matches, bull-baitings, horse-races, and the like. Now, Donald Bean Lean, being aware that he bridegroom was in request, and wanting to cleik the cunzie (that is, to hook the siller,) he can-



nily carried off Gilliewhackit'ae night when he was riding *dovering* hame, (wi' the malt rather above the meal,) and with the help of his gillies he gat him into the hills with the speed of light, and the first place he wakened in was the cove of Uaimh an Ri. So there was old to do about ransoming the bridegroom; for Donald would not lower a farthing of a thousand pounds" —

"The devil!"

"Punds Scottish, ye shall understand. And the lady had not the siller if she had pawned her gown; and they applied to the governor o' Stirling castle, and to the major o' the Black Watch; and the governor said, it was ower far to the northward, and out of his district; and the major said, his men were gane hame to the shearing, and he would not call them out before the victual was got in for all the Cramfeezers in Christendom, let alane the Mearns, for that it would prejudice the country. And in the meanwhile ye'll no hinder Gilliewhackit to take the smallpox. There was not the doctor in Perth or Stirling would look near the poor lad, and I cannot blame them; for Donald had been misguggled by ane of these doctors about Paris, and he swore he would fling the first



into the loch that he caught beyond the Pass. However some cailliachs (that is, old women,) that were about Donald's hand, nursed Gilliewhackit sae weel, that between the free open air in the cove and the fresh whey, de'il an' he did not recover may be as weel as if he had been closed in a glazed chamber and a bed with curtains, and fed with red wine and white meat. And Donald was sae vexed about it, that when he was stout and weel, he even sent him free hame, and said he would be pleased with ony thing they would like to gie him for the plague and trouble which he had about Gilliewhackit to an unkenn'd degree. And I cannot tell you precisely how they sorted; but they agreed sae weel that Donald was invited to dance at the wedding in his Highland trews, and they said there was never sae meikle siller clinked in his purse either before or since. And to the boot of all that, Gilliewhackit said, that, be the evidence what it liked, if he had the luck to be on Donald's inquest, he would bring him in guilty of nothing whatever, unless it were wilful arson, or murder under trust."

With such bald and disjointed chat Evan went on illustrating the existing state of the Highlands, more perhaps to the amusement of Waverley than that of our readers. At length,



after having marched over bank and brae, moss and heather, Edward, though not unacquainted with the Scottish liberality in computing distance, began to think that Evan's five miles were nearly doubled. His observation on the large measure which the Scottish allowed of their land, in comparison to the computation of their money, was readily answered by Evan, with the old jest, "The de'il take them who have the least pint stoup."

And now the report of a gun was heard, and a sportsman was seen, with his dogs and attendant, at the upper end of the glen. "Shogh," said Dugald Mahony, tat's ta Chief."

"It is not," said Evan, imperiously. "Do you think he would come to meet a Sassenach duinhé wassel (English gentleman) in such a way as that?"

But as they approached a little nearer, he said, with an appearance of mortification, "And it is even he sure enough, and he has not his tail on after all; — there is no living creature with him but Callum Beg".

In fact, Fergus Mac-Ivor, of whom a Frenchman might have said, as truly as of any man in the Highlands, "*Qu'il connoit bien ses gens*," had no idea of raising himself in the eyes of



an English young man of fortune by appearing with a retinue of idle Highlanders disproportioned to the occasion. He was well aware that such an unnecessary attendance would seem to Edward rather ludicrous than respectable; and while few men were more attached to ideas of chieftainship and feudal power, he was for that very reason, cautious of exhibiting external marks of dignity, unless at the time and in the manner when they were most likely to produce an imposing effect. Therefore, although, had he been to receive a brother chieftain, he would probably have been attended by all that retinue which Evan had described with so much unction, he judged it more respectable to advance to meet Waverley with a single attendant, a very handsome Highland boy, who carried his master's shooting-pouch and his broad-sword, without which he seldom went abroad.

When Fergus and Waverley met, the latter was struck with the peculiar grace and dignity of the chieftain's figure. Above the middle size, and finely proportioned, the Highland dress, which he wore in its simplest mode, set off his person to great advantage. He wore the trews, or close trowsers, made of tartan, checqued scarlet and white; in other particulars, his dress strictly resembled Evan's, excepting that he had



no weapon save a dirk, very richly mounted with silver. His page, as we have said, carried his claymore; and the fowling-piece, which he held in his hand, seemed only designed for sport. He had shot in the course of his walk some young wild-ducks, as, though *close-time* was then unknown, the broods of grouse were yet too young for the sportsman. His countenance was decidedly Scottish, with all the peculiarities of the northern physiognomy, but had yet so little of its harshness and exaggeration, that it would have been pronounced in any country extremely handsome. The martial air of the bonnet, with a single eagle's feather as a distinction, added much to the manly appearance of his head, which was besides ornamented with a far more natural and graceful cluster of close black curls than ever were exposed to sale in Bond-Street.

An air of openness and affability increased the favourable impression derived from this handsome and dignified exterior. Yet a skilful physiognomist would have been less satisfied with the countenance on the second than on the first view. The eyebrow and upper lip bespoke something of the habit of peremptory command and decisive superiority. Even his courtesy, though open, frank, and unconstrain-



ed, seemed to indicate a sense of personal importance; and upon any check or accidental excitation, a sudden, though transient lour of the eye, shewed a hasty, haughty, and vindictive temper, not less to be dreaded because it seemed much under its owner's command. In short, the countenance of the chieftain resembled a smiling summer's day, in which, notwithstanding, we are made sensible by certain, though slight signs, that it may thunder and lighten before the close of evening.

It was not, however, upon their first meeting that Edward had an opportunity of making these less favourable remarks. The chief received him as a friend of the Baron of Bradwardine, with the utmost expression of kindness, and obligation for the visit; upbraided him gently with choosing so rude an abode as he had done the night before; and entered into a lively conversation with him about Donald Bean's house-keeping, but without the least hint as to his predatory habits, or the immediate occasion of Waverley's visit, a topic which, as the Chief did not introduce it, our hero also avoided. While they walked merrily towards the house of Glennaquoich, Evan, who now fell respectfully into the rear, followed with Callum Beg and Dugald Mahony.



We will take the opportunity to introduce the reader to some particulars of Fergus Mac-Ivor's character and history, which were not completely known to Waverley till after a connection, which, though arising from a circumstance so casual, had for a length of time the deepest influence upon his character, actions, and prospects. But this being an important subject, must form the commencement of a new chapter.



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## CHAPTER XIX.

### *The Chief and his Mansion.*

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THE ingenious licentiate Francisco de Ubeda, when he commenced his history of La Picara Justina Diez, — which, by the way, is one of the most rare books of Spanish literature, — complained of his pen having caught up a hair, and forthwith begins, with more eloquence than common sense, an affectionate expostulation with that useful implement, upbraiding it with being the quill of a goose, — a bird inconstant by nature, as frequenting the three elements of water, earth, and air indifferently, and being, of course, «to one thing constant never.” Now I protest to thee, gentle reader, that I entirely dissent from Francisco de Ubeda in this matter, and hold it the most useful quality of my pen, that it can speedily change from grave to gay, and from description and dialogue to nar-



rative and character. So that if my quill display no other properties of its mother-goose than her mutability, truly I shall be well pleased; and I conceive that you, my worthy friend, will have no occasion for discontent. From the jargon, therefore, of the Highland gillies, I pass to the character of their Chief. It is an important examination, and therefore, like Dogberry, we must spare no wisdom.

The ancestor of Fergus Mac-Ivor, about three centuries before, had set up a claim to be recognised as chieftain of the numerous and powerful clan to which he belonged, the name of which it is unnecessary to mention. Being defeated by an opponent who had more justice, or at least more force, on his side, he moved southwards, with those who adhered to him, in quest of new settlements, like a second Aeneas. The state of the Perthshire Highlands favoured his purpose. A great baron in that country had lately become traitor to the crown; Ian, which was the name of our adventurer, united himself with those who were commissioned by the king to chastise him, and did such good service that he obtained a grant of the property, upon which he and his posterity afterwards resided. He followed the king also in war to the fertile regions of England, where he employed his leisure hours so actively in raising



subsidies among the boors of Northumberland and Durham, that upon his return he was enabled to erect a stone tower, or fortalice, so much admired by his dependants and neighbours, that he, who had hitherto been called Ian Mac-Ivor, or John the son of Ivor, was thereafter distinguished, both in song and genealogy, by the high title of *Ian nan Chaistel*, or John of the Tower. The descendants of this worthy were so proud of him, that the reigning chief always bore the patronymic title of Vich Ian Vohr, *i. e.* the son of John the Great; the clan at large, to distinguish them from that from which they had seceded, were denominated *Sliochd nan Ivor*, the race of Ivor.

The father of Fergus, the tenth in direct descent from John of the Tower, engaged heart and hand in the insurrection of 1715, and was forced to fly to France, after the attempt of that year in favour of the Stuarts had proved unsuccessful. More fortunate than other fugitives, he obtained employment in the French service, and married a lady of rank in that kingdom, by whom he had two children, Fergus and his sister Flora. The Scottish estate had been forfeited and exposed to sale, but was repurchased for a small price in the name of the young proprietor, who in consequence came to reside upon his native domains. It was



soon perceived that he possessed a character of uncommon acuteness, fire, and ambition, which, as he became acquainted with the state of the country, gradually assumed a mixed and peculiar tone, which could only have been acquired Sixty Years since.

Had Fergus Mac-Ivor lived Sixty Years sooner than he did, he would, in all probability, have wanted the polished manner and knowledge of the world which he now possessed; and had he lived Sixty Years later, his ambition and love of rule would have lacked the fuel which his situation now afforded. He was indeed, within his little circle, as perfect a politician as Castruccio Castrucani himself. He applied himself with great earnestness to appease all the feuds and dissensions which frequently arose among other clans in his neighbourhood, so that he became a frequent umpire in their quarrels. His own patriarchal power he strengthened at every expence which his fortune would permit, and indeed stretched his means to the uttermost to maintain the rude and plentiful hospitality, which was the most valued attribute of a chieftain. For the same reason, he crowded his estate with a tenantry, hardy indeed, and fit for the purposes of war, but greatly outnumbering what the soil was calculated to maintain. These consisted chiefly of his own clan, not one of



whom he suffered to quit his lands if he could possibly prevent it. But he maintained, besides, many adventurers from the mother sept, who deserted a less warlike, though more wealthy chief, to do homage to Fergus Mac-Ivor. Other individuals, too, who had not even that apology, were nevertheless received into his allegiance, which indeed was refused to none who were, like Poins, proper men of their hands, and were willing to assume the name of Mac-Ivor.

He was enabled to discipline these forces from having obtained command of one of the independent companies, raised by government to preserve the peace of the Highlands. While in this capacity he acted with vigour and spirit, and preserved great order in the country under his charge. He caused his vassals to enter by rotation in his company, and serve for a certain space of time, which gave them all in turn a general notion of military discipline. In his campaigns against the banditti, it was observed that he assumed and exercised to the utmost the discretionary power, which, while the law had not free course in the Highlands, was conceived to belong to the military parties who were called in to support it. He acted, for example, with great and suspicious lenity to those freebooters who made restitution on his summons and offered personal submission to himself,



while he rigorously pursued, apprehended, and sacrificed to justice, all such interlopers as dared to despise his admonitions or commands. On the other hand, if any officers of justice, military parties, or others, presumed to pursue thieves or marauders through his territories, and without applying for his consent and concurrence, nothing was more certain than that they would meet with some notable foil or defeat; upon which occasions Fergus Mac-Ivor was the first to condole with them, and, after gently blaming their rashness, never failed deeply to lament the lawless state of the country. These lamentations did not exclude suspicion, and matters were so represented to government, that our chieftain was deprived of his military command.

Whatever he felt upon this occasion, he had the art of entirely suppressing every appearance of discontent; but in a short time the neighbouring country began to feel bad effects from his disgrace. Donald Bean Lean and others of his class, whose depredations had hitherto been confined to other districts, appeared from thenceforward to have made a settlement on this devoted border; and their ravages were carried on with little opposition, as the Lowland gentry were chiefly Jacobites, and disarmed. This forced many of the inhabitants into contracts of



black-mail with Fergus Mac-Ivor, which not only established him their protector, and gave him great weight in all their consultations, but moreover supplied funds for the waste of his feudal hospitality, which the discontinuance of his pay might have otherwise essentially diminished.

In following this course of conduct, Fergus had a further object than merely being the great man of his neighbourhood, and ruling despotically over a small clan. From his infancy upward, he had devoted himself to the cause of the exiled family, and had persuaded himself, not only that their restoration to the crown of Britain would be speedy, but that those who assisted them would be raised to honour and rank. It was with this view that he laboured to reconcile the Highlanders among themselves, and augmented his own force to the utmost, to be prepared for the first favourable opportunity of rising. With this purpose also he conciliated the favour of such Lowland gentlemen in the vicinity as were friends in the good cause; and for the same reason, having incautiously quarrelled with Mr Bradwardine, who, notwithstanding his peculiarities, was much respected in the country, he took advantage of the foray of Donald Bean Lean to solder up the dispute in the manner we have mentioned. Some indeed sur-



mised that he caused the enterprise to be suggested to Donald, on purpose to pave the way to a reconciliation, which, supposing that to be the case, cost the Laird of Bradwardine two good milch cows. This zeal in their behalf the house of Stuart repaid with a considerable share of their confidence, an occasional supply of louis d'ors, abundance of fair words, and a parchment with a huge waxen seal appended, purporting to be an earl's patent, granted by no less a person than James the Third King of England, and Eighth King of Scotland, to his right feal, trusty, and wellbeloved Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, in the county of Perth, and kingdom of Scotland.

With this future coronet glittering before his eyes, Fergus plunged deeply into the correspondence and plots of that unhappy period; and, like all such active agents, easily reconciled his conscience to going certain lengths in the service of his party, from which honour and pride would have deterred him had his sole object been the direct advancement of his own personal interest. With this insight into a bold, ambitious, and ardent, yet artful and politic character, we resume the broken thread of our narrative.

The chief and his guest had by this time reached the house of Glennaquoich, which con-



sisted of Ian nan Chaistel's mansion, a high rude-looking square tower, with the addition of a *lofted* house, that is, a building of two stories, constructed by Fergus's grandfather when he returned from that memorable expedition, well remembered by the western shires, under the name of the Highland Host. Upon occasion of this crusade against the Ayrshire whigs and covenanters, the Vich Ian Vohr of the time had probably been as successful as his predecessor was in harrying Northumberland, and therefore left to his posterity a rival edifice, as monument of his magnificence.

Around the house, which stood on an eminence in the midst of a narrow Highland valley, there appeared none of that attention to convenience, far less to ornament and decoration, which usually surrounds a gentleman's habitation. An inclosure or two, divided by dry stone walls, were the only part of the domain that was fenced; as to the rest, the narrow slips of level ground which lay by the side of the brook exhibited a scanty crop of barley, liable to constant depredations from the herds of wild ponies and black cattle that grazed upon the adjacent hills. These ever and anon made an incursion upon the arable ground, which was repelled by the loud, uncouth, and dissonant shouts of half a dozen Highland swains,



all running as if they had been mad, and every one hallooing a half-starved dog to the rescue of the forage. At a little distance up the glen was a small and stunted wood of birch; the hills were high and heathy, but without any variety of surface; so that the whole view was wild and desolate, rather than grand and solitary. Yet such as it was, no genuine descendant of Ian nan Chaistel would have exchanged the domain for Stow or Blenheim.

There was a sight, however, before the gate, which perhaps would have afforded the first owner of Blenheim more pleasure than the finest view in the domain assigned to him by the gratitude of his country. This consisted of about a hundred Highlanders, in complete dress and arms; at sight of whom the chieftain apologized to Waverley in a sort of negligent manner. "He had forgot," he said, "that he had ordered a few of his clan out, for the purpose of seeing that they were in a fit condition to protect the country, and prevent such accidents as, he was sorry to learn, had befallen the Baron of Bradwardine. Before they were dismissed, perhaps Captain Waverley might chuse to see them go through a part of their exercise."

Edward assented, and the men executed with agility and precision some of the ordinary mi-



litary movements. They then practised individually at a mark, and shewed extraordinary dexterity in the management of the pistol and firelock. They took aim standing, sitting, leaning, or lying prostrate, as they were commanded, and always with effect upon the target. Next they paired off for the broad-sword exercise; and having manifested their individual skill and dexterity, united in two bodies, and exhibited a sort of mock encounter, in which the charge, the rally, the flight, the pursuit, and all the current of a heady fight, were exhibited to the sound of the great war bagpipe.

On a signal made by the Chief, the skirmish was ended. Matches were then made for running, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, and other sports, in which this feudal militia displayed incredible swiftness, strength, and agility; and accomplished the purpose which their chieftain had at heart, by impressing on Waverley no light sense of their merit as soldiers, and of the power of him who commanded them by his nod.

“And what number of such gallant fellows have the happiness to call you leader?” asked Waverley.

“In a good cause, and under a chieftain whom they loved, the race of Ivor have seldom taken the field under five hundred claymores. But



you are aware, Captain Waverley, that the disarming act, passed about twenty years ago, prevents their being in the complete state of preparation, as in former times; and I keep no more of my clan under arms than may defend my own or my friend's property, when the country is troubled with such men as your last night's landlord; and government, which has removed other means of defence, must connive at our protecting ourselves."

"But with your force you might soon destroy, or put down, such gangs as that of Donald Bean Lean."

"Yes, doubtless, and my reward would be a summons to deliver up to General Blakeney, at Stirling, the few broad-swords they have left us: there were little policy in that, methinks. — But come, captain, the sound of the pipes informs me that dinner is prepared — Let me have the honour to shew you into my rude mansion."



## CHAPTER XX.

### *A Highland Feast.*

ERE Waverley entered the banquetinghall, he was offered the patriarchal refreshment of a bath for the feet, which the sultry weather, and the morasses he had traversed, rendered highly acceptable. He was not indeed so luxuriously attended upon this occasion as the heroic travellers in the *Odyssey*; the task of ablution and abstersion being performed, not by a beautiful damsel, trained

To chafe the limbs and pour the fragrant  
oil,

but by a smoke-dried skinny old Highland woman, who did not seem to think herself much honoured by the duty imposed upon her, but muttered between her teeth, «Our father's herds



did not feed so near together, that I should do you this service." A small donation, however, amply reconciled this ancient handmaiden to the supposed degradation; and, as Edward proceeded to the hall, she gave him her blessing, in the Gaelic proverb, "May the open hand be filled the fullest."

The hall, in which the feast was prepared, occupied all the first story of Ian nan Chaistel's original erection, and a huge oaken table extended through its whole length. The apparatus for dinner was simple, even to rudeness, and the company numerous, even to crowding. At the head of the table was the Chief himself, with Edward, and two or three Highland visitors of neighbouring clans; the elders of his own tribe, wadsetters and tacksmen, as they were called, who occupied portions of his estate as mortgagers or lessees, sat next in rank; beneath them, their sons and nephews, and foster brethren; then the officers of the Chief's household, according to their order; and, lowest of all, the tenants who actually cultivated the ground. Even beyond this long perspective, Edward might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests,



and had their share both of the countenance of the entertainer, and of the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating round this extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, beggars, young and old, large greyhounds, and terries, and pointers, and curs of low degree; all of whom took some interest, more or less immediate, in the main action of the piece.

This hospitality, apparently unbounded, had yet its line of economy. Some pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes of fish, game, etc., which were at the upper end of the table, and immediately under the eye of the English stranger. Lower down stood immense clumsy joints of mutton and beef, which, but for the absence of pork abhorred in the Highlands, resembled the rude festivity of the banquet of Penelope's suitors. But the central dish was a yearling lamb, called «a hog-in harst," roasted whole. It was set upon its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form to gratify the pride of the cook, who piqued himself more on the plenty than the elegance of his master's table. The sides of this poor animal were fiercely attacked by the clansmen, some with dirks, others with the knives which were usually in the same she-



ath with the dagger, so that it was soon rendered a mangled and rueful spectacle. Lower down still, the victuals seemed of yet coarser quality, though sufficiently abundant. Broth, onions, cheese, and the fragments of the feast, regaled the sons of Ivor, who feasted in the open air.

The liquor was supplied in the same proportion, and under similar regulations. Excellent claret and champagne were liberally distributed among the Chief's immediate neighbours; whisky, plain or diluted, and strong-beer, refreshed those who sat near the lower end. Nor did this inequality of distribution appear to give the least offence. Every one present understood that his taste was to be formed according to the rank which he held at table; and consequently the tacksmen and their dependants always professed the wine was too cold for their stomachs, and called, apparently out of choice, for the liquor which was assigned to them from economy. The bagpipers, three in number, screamed, during the whole time of dinner, a tremendous war-tune; and the echoing of the vaulted roof, and clang of the Celtic tongue, produced such a Babel of noises, that Waverley dreaded his ears would never recover it. Mac-Ivor, indeed, apologized for the confusion oc-



casioned by so large a party, and pleaded the necessity of his situation, on which unlimited hospitality was imposed as a paramount duty. "These stout idle kinsmen of mine," he said, "account my estate as held in trust for their support; and I must find them beef and ale, while the rogues will do nothing for themselves but practise the broad-sword, or wander about the hills shooting, fishing, hunting, drinking, and making love to the lasses of the strath. But what can I do, Captain Waverley? every thing will keep after its kind, whether it be a hawk or a Highlander." Edward made the expected answer, in a compliment upon his possessing so many bold and attached followers.

"Why, yes," replied the Chief, "were I disposed, like my father, to put myself in the way of getting one blow on the head, or two on the neck, I believe the loons would stand by me. But who thinks of that in the present day, when the maxim is, — 'Better an old woman with a purse in her hand, than three men with belted brands.' " Then, turning to the company, he proposed the "Health of Captain Waverley, a worthy friend of his kind neighbour and ally; the Baron of Bradwardine."



“He is welcome hither,” said one of the elders, “if he come from Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine.”

“I say nay to that,” said an old man, who apparently did not mean to pledge the toast. “I say nay to that; — while there is a green leaf in the forest, there will be fraud in a Comyne.”

“There is nothing but honour in the Baron of Bradwardine,” answered another ancient; “and the guest that comes hither from him should be welcome though he came with blood on his hand, unless it were blood of the race of Ivor.”

The old man, whose cup remained full, replied, “there has been blood enough of the race of Ivor on the hand of Bradwardine.”

“Ah! Ballenkeiroch,” replied the first, “you think rather of the flash of the carbine at the Mains of Tully-Veolan, than the glance of the sword that fought for the cause at Proud Preston.”

“And well I may,” answered Ballenkeiroch; “the flash of the gun cost me a fair-haired son, and the glance of the sword has done but little for King James.”

The Chieftain, in two words of French, explained to Waverley, that the Baron had shot



this old man's son in a fray near Tully-Veolan about seven years before; and then hastened to remove Ballenkeiroch's prejudice, by informing him that Waverley was an Englishman, unconnected by birth or alliance with the family of Bradwardine; upon which the old gentleman raised the hitherto-untasted cup, and courteously drank to his health. This ceremony being requited in kind, the Chieftain made a signal for the pipes to cease, and said aloud, «Where is the song hidden, my friends, that Mac Murrough cannot find it?» Mac-Murrough, the family *bhairdh*, an aged man, immediately took the hint, and began to chaunt, with low and rapid utterance, a profusion of Celtic verses, which were received by the audience with all the applause of enthusiasm. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardour seemed to increase. He had at first spoken with his eyes fixed on the ground; he now cast them around as if beseeching, and anon as if commanding attention, and his tones rose into wild and impassioned notes, accompanied with appropriate gesture. He seemed to Edward, who attended to him with much interest, to recite many proper names, to lament the dead, to apostrophize the absent, to exhort and entreat and animate those who were present. Waverley thought he even discerned his own name, and



was convinced his conjecture was right, from the eyes of the company being at that moment turned towards him simultaneously. The ardour of the poet appeared to communicate itself to the audience. Their wild and sun-burnt countenances assumed a fiercer and more animated expression; all bent forwards towards the reciter, many sprung up and waved their arms in ecstasy, and some laid their hands on their swords. When the song ceased, there was a deep pause, while the aroused feelings of the poet and of the hearers gradually subsided into their usual channel.

The Chieftain, who, during this scene, had appeared rather to watch the emotions which were excited, than to partake their high tone of enthusiasm, filled with claret a small silver cup which stood by him. "Give this," he said to an attendant, "to Mac-Murrough nan Fohn, (*i. e.* of the songs), and when he has drank the juice, bid him keep, for the sake of Vich Ian Vohr, the shell of the gourd which contained it." The gift was received by Mac-Murrough with profound gratitude; he drank the wine, and, kissing the cup, shrouded it with reverence in the plaid which was folded on his bosom. He then burst forth into what Edward justly supposed to be an extemporaneous effusion



of thank and praises of his chief. It was received with applause, but did not produce the effect of his first poem. It was obvious, however, that the clan regarded the generosity of their chieftain with high approbation. Many approved Gaelic toasts were then proposed, of some of which the Chieftain gave his guest the following versions:

“To him that will not turn his back on friend or foe.” “To him that never forsook a comrade.” “To him that never bought or sold justice” “Hospitality to the exile, and broken bones to the tyrant. “The lads with the kilts.” “Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder,” — with many other pithy sentiments of the like nature.

Edward was particularly solicitous to know the meaning of that song which appeared to produce such effect upon the passions of the company, and hinted his curiosity to his host. “As I observe,” said the chieftain, “that you have passed the bottle during the last three rounds, I was about to propose to you to retire to my sister’s tea-table, who can explain these things to you better than I can. Although I cannot stint my clan in the usual current of their festivity, yet I neither am addicted myself to exceed in its amount, nor do I,” added he,



smiling, "keep a Bear to devour the intellects of such as can make good use of them."

Edward readily assented to this proposal, and the Chieftain, saying a few words to those around him, left the table, followed by Waverley. As the door closed behind them, Edward heard Vich Ian Vohr's health invoked with a wild and animated cheer, that expressed the satisfaction of the guests, and the depth of their devotion to his service.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### *The Chieftain's Sister.*

THE drawing-room of Flora Mac-Ivor was furnished in the plainest and most simple manner; for at Glennaquoich every other sort of expenditure was retrenched as much as possible, for the purpose of maintaining, in its full dignity, the hospitality of the chieftain, and retaining and multiplying the number of his dependants and adherents. But there was no appearance of this parsimony in the dress of the lady herself, which was in texture elegant, and even rich, and arranged in a manner which partook partly of the Parisian fashion, and partly of the more simple dress of the Highlands, blended together with great taste. Her hair was not disfigured by the art of the friseur, but fell in



jetty ringlets on her neck, confined only by a circlet, richly set with diamonds. This peculiarity she adopted in compliance with the Highland prejudices, which could not endure that a woman's head should be covered before wedlock.

Flora Mac-Ivor bore a most striking resemblance to her brother Fergus; so much so, that they might have played Viola and Sebastian with the same exquisite effect produced by the appearance of Mrs Henry Siddons and her brother in those characters. — They had the same antique and regular correctness of profile; the same dark eyes, eye-lashes, and eye-brows; the same clearness of complexion, excepting that Fergus's was embrowned by exercise, and Flora's possessed the utmost feminine delicacy. But the haughty, and somewhat stern regularity of Fergus's features was beautifully softened in those of Flora. Their voices were also similar in tone, though differing in the key. That of Fergus, especially while issuing orders to his followers during their military exercise, reminded Edward of a favourite passage in the description of Emetrius :

— whose voice was heard around,  
Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.



That of Flora, on the contrary, was soft and sweet, «an excellent thing in woman;» yet in urging any favourite topic, which she often pursued with natural eloquence, it possessed as well the tones which impress awe and conviction, as those of persuasive insinuation. The eager glance of the keen black eye, which, in the Chieftain, seemed impatient even of the material obstacles it encountered, had, in his sister's, acquired a gentle pensiveness. His looks seemed to seek glory, power, all that could exalt him above others in the race of humanity; while those of his sister, as if she were already conscious of mental superiority, seemed to pity rather than envy those who were struggling for any farther distinction. Her sentiments corresponded with the expression of her countenance. Early education had impressed upon her mind, as well as on that of the Chieftain, the most devoted attachment to the exiled family of Stuart. She believed it the duty of her brother, of his clan, of every man in Britain, at whatever personal hazard, to contribute to that restoration which the partizans of the Chevalier St George had not ceased to hope for. For this she was prepared to do all, to suffer all, to sacrifice all. But her loyalty, as it exceeded her brother's in fanaticism, excelled it also in purity. Accustomed to petty intrigue, and necessarily involved



in a thousand paltry and selfish discussions, ambitious also by nature, his political faith was tinctured at least, if not tainted, by the views of interest and advancement so easily combined with it; and at the moment he should unsheathe his claymore, it might be difficult to say whether it would be most with the view of making James Stuart a king, or Fergus Mac-Ivor an earl. This, indeed, was a mixture of feelings which he did not avow even to himself, but it existed, nevertheless, in a powerful degree.

In Flora's bosom, on the contrary, the zeal of loyalty burned pure and unmixed with any selfish feeling; she would have as soon made religion the mask of ambitious and interested views, as have shrouded them under the opinions which she had been taught to think patriotism. Such instances of devotion were not uncommon among the followers of the unhappy race of Stuart, of which many memorable proofs will recur to the mind of most of my readers. But peculiar attention on the part of Chevalier de St George and his princess to the parents of Fergus and his sister, and to themselves, when orphans, had rivetted their faith. Fergus, upon the death of his parents, had been for some time a page of honour in the train of the Chevalier's lady, and, from his beauty and sprightly



temper, was uniformly treated by her with the utmost distinction. This was also extended to Flora, who was maintained for some time at a convent of the first order, at the princess's expence, and removed from thence into her own family, where she spent nearly two years; and both retained the deepest and most grateful sense of her kindness.

Having thus touched upon the leading principle of Flora's character, I may dismiss the rest more slightly. She was highly accomplished, and had acquired those elegant manners to be expected from one who, in early youth, had been the companion of a princess; yet she had not learned to substitute the gloss of politeness for the reality of feeling. When settled in the lonely regions of Glennaquoich, she found that her resources in French, English, and Italian literature, were likely to be few and interrupted; and, in order to fill up her vacant time, she bestowed a part of it upon the music and poetical traditions of the Highlanders, and began really to feel that pleasure in the pursuit, which her brother, whose perceptions of literary merit were more blunt, rather affected for the sake of popularity than actually experienced. Her resolution was strengthened in these researches, by the extreme delight



which her enquiries seemed to afford those to whom she resorted for information.

Her love of her clan, an attachment which was almost hereditary in her bosom, was, like her loyalty, a more pure passion than that of her brother. He was too thorough a politician, regarded his patriarchal influence too much as the means of accomplishing his own aggrandisement, that we should term him the model of a Highland chieftain. Flora felt the same anxiety for cherishing and extending their patriarchal sway, but it was with the generous desire of vindicating from poverty, or at least from want and foreign oppression, those whom her brother was by birth, according to the notions of the time and country, entitled to govern. The savings of her income, for she had a small pension from the Princess Sobieski, were dedicated, not to add to the comforts of the peasantry, for that was a word which they neither knew nor apparently wished to know, but to relieve their absolute necessities, when in sickness or extreme old age. At every other period, they rather toiled to procure something which they might share with the Chief, as a proof of their attachment, than expected other assistance from him save what was afforded by the rude hospitality of his castle, and the ge-



neral division and subdivision of his estate among them. Flora was so much beloved by them, that when Mac-Murrough composed a song, in which he enumerated all the principal beauties of the district, and intimated her superiority by concluding, that "the fairest apple hung on the highest bough," he received, in donatives from the individuals of the clan, more seed-barley than would have sowed his Highland Parnassus, the *Bard's croft*, as it was called, ten times over.

From situation, as well as choice, Miss Mac-Ivor's society was extremely limited. Her most intimate friend had been Rose Bradwardine, to whom she was much attached; and when seen together, they would have afforded an artist two admirable subjects for the gay and the melancholy muse. Indeed Rose was so tenderly watched by her father, and her circle of wishes was so limited, that none arose but what he was willing to gratify, and scarce any which did not come within the compass of his power. With Flora it was otherwise. While almost a girl, she had undergone the most complete change of scene, from gaiety and splendour to absolute solitude and comparative poverty; and the ideas and wishes which she chiefly fostered, respected great national events, and changes



not to be brought round without both hazard and bloodshed, and therefore not to be thought of with levity. Her manner consequently was grave, though she readily contributed her talents to the amusement of society, and stood very high in the opinion of the old Baron, who used to sing along with her such French duets of Lindor and Cloris, etc as were in fashion about the end of the reign of old Louis le Grand.

It was generally believed, though no one durst have hinted it to the Baron of Bradwardine, that Flora's entreaties had no small share in allaying the wrath of Fergus upon occasion of their quarrel. She took her brother on the assailable side, by dwelling first upon the Baron's age, and then representing the injury which the cause might sustain, and the damage which must arise to his own character in point of prudence, so necessary to a political agent, if he persisted in carrying it to extremity. Otherwise it is probable it would have terminated in a duel, both because the Baron had, on a former occasion, shed blood of the clan, though the matter had been timely accommodated, and on account of his high reputation for address at his weapon, which Fergus almost condescended to envy. For the same reason she had urged their reconciliation, which the Chief-



tain the more readily, agreed to, as it favoured some ulterior projects of his own.

To this young lady, now presiding at the female empire of the tea-table, Fergus introduced Captain Waverley, whom she received with the usual forms of politeness.





## CHAPTER XXII.

*Highland Minstrelsy.*

WHEN the first salutations had passed, Fergus said to his sister, "My dear Flora, before I return to the barbarous ritual of our forefathers, I must tell you that Captain Waverley is a worshipper of the Celtic muse, not the less so perhaps that he does not understand a word of her language. I have told him you are eminent as a translator of Highland poetry, and that Mac-Murrough admires your versions of his songs upon the same principle that Captain Waverley admires their original, — because he does not comprehend them. Will you have the goodness to read or recite to our guest in English, the extraordinary string of names which Mac-Murrough has tacked together in Gaelic? My life



to a moor-fowl's feather, you are provided with a version; for I know you are in all the bard's councils, and acquainted with his songs long before he rehearses them in the hall."

"How can you say so, Fergus! You know how little these verses can possibly interest an English stranger, even if I could translate them as you pretend."

"Not less than they interest me, lady fair. To-day your joint composition, for I insist you had a share in it, has cost me the last silver cup in the castle, and I suppose will cost me something else next time I hold *cour pleniére*, if the muse descends on Mac-Murrough; for you know our proverb, — When the hand of the chief ceases to bestow, the breath of the bard is frozen in the utterance — Well, I would it were even so: there are three things that are useless to a modern Highlander, — a sword which he must not draw, — a bard to sing of deeds which he dare not imitate, — and a large goat-skin purse without a louis-d'or to put into it."

"Well, brother, since you betray my secrets, you cannot expect me to keep yours. — I assure you, Captain Waverley, that Fergus is too proud to exchange his sword for a *marechal's* baton; that he esteems Mac-Murrough a far greater poet than Homer, and would not give up his



goat-skin purse for all the louis d'ors which it could contain."

"Well pronounced, Flora; blow for blow, as Conan said to the devil. Now do you two talk of bards and poetry, if not of purses and claymores, while I return to do the final honours to the senators of the tribe of Ivor." So saying he left the room.

The conversation continued between Flora and Waverley; for two well-dressed young women, whose character seemed to hover between that of companions and dependants, took no share in it. They were both pretty girls, but served only as foils to the grace and beauty of their patroness. The discourse followed the turn which the Chieftain had given it, and Waverley was equally amused and surprised with the accounts which the lady gave him of Celtic poetry.

"The recitation," she said, "of poems, recording the feats of heroes, the complaints of lovers, and the wars of contending tribes, forms the chief amusement of a winter fire-side in the Highlands. Some of these are said to be very ancient, and if they are ever translated into any of the languages of civilized Europe, cannot fail to produce a deep and general sensation. Others are more modern, the composition of those family bards whom the chieftains



of more distinguished name and power retain as the poets and historians of their tribes. These, of course, possess various degrees of merit; but much of it must evaporate in translation, or be lost on those who do not sympathise with the feelings of the poet."

"And your bard, whose effusions seemed to produce such effect upon the company to day, is he reckoned among the favourite poets of the mountains?"

"That is a trying question. His reputation is high among his countrymen, and you must not expect me to depreciate it."

"But the song, Miss Mac-Ivor, seemed to awaken all these warriors, both young and old."

"The song is little more than a catalogue of names of the Highland clans under their distinctive peculiarities, and an exhortation to them to remember and to emulate the actions of their forefathers."

"And am I wrong in conjecturing, however extraordinary the guess appears, that there was some allusion to me in the verses which he recited?"

"You have a quick observation, Captain Waverley, which in this instance has not deceived you. The Gaelic language, being uncommonly vocalic, is well adapted for sudden and extemporaneous poetry; and a bard seldom fails



to augment the effects of a premeditated song, by throwing in any stanzas which may be suggested by the circumstances attending the recitation."

"I would give my best horse to know what the Highland bard could find to say of such an unworthy southern as myself."

"It shall not even cost you a lock of his mane. — Una, *Mavourneen*! (She spoke a few words to one of the young girls in attendance, who instantly curtsied and tripped out of the room.) — I have sent Una to learn from the bard the expressions he used, and you shall command my skill as Dragoman."

Una returned in a few minutes, and repeated to her mistress a few lines in Gaelic. Flora seemed to think for a moment, and then, slightly colouring, she turned to Waverley — "It is impossible to gratify your curiosity, Captain Waverley, without exposing my own presumption. If you will give me a few moments for consideration, I will endeavour to engraft the meaning of these lines upon a rude English translation, which I have attempted of a part of the original. The duties of the tea-table seem to be concluded, and, as the evening is delightful, Una will show you the way to one of my favourite haunts, and Cathleen and I will join you there."



Una, having received instructions in her native language, conducted Waverley out by a passage different from that through which he had entered the apartment. At a distance he heard the hall of the Chief still resounding with a clang of bagpipes and the high applause of the guests. Having gained the open air by a postern door, they walked a little way up the wild, bleak, and narrow valley in which the house was situated, following the course of the stream that winded through it. In a spot, about a quarter of a mile from the castle, two brooks, which formed the little river, had their junction. The larger of the two came down the long bare valley, which extended, apparently without any change or elevation of character, as far as the hills which formed its boundary permitted the eye to reach. But the other stream, which had its source among the mountains on the left hand of the strath, seemed to issue from a very narrow and dark opening betwixt two large rocks. These streams were different also in character. The larger was placid, and even sullen in its course, wheeling in deep eddies, or sleeping in dark blue pools; but the motions of the lesser brook were rapid and furious, issuing from between precipices like a maniac from his confinement, all foam and uproar.



It was up the course of this last stream that Waverley, like a knight of romance, was conducted by the fair Highland damsel, his silent guide. A small path, which had been rendered easy in many places for Flora's accommodation, led him through scenery of a very different description from that which he had just quitted. Around the castle, all was cold, bare, and desolate, yet tame even in desolation; but this narrow glen, at so short a distance, seemed to open into the land of romance. The rocks assumed a thousand peculiar and varied forms. In one place, a crag of huge size presented its gigantic bulk, as if to forbid the passenger's farther progress; and it was not until he approached its very base, that Waverley discerned the sudden and acute turn by which the pathway wheeled its course around this formidable obstacle. In another spot, the projecting rocks from the opposite sides of the chasm had approached so near to each other, that two pine-trees laid across, and covered with turf, formed a rustic bridge at the height of at least one hundred and fifty feet. It had no ledges, and was barely three feet in breadth.

While gazing at this pass of peril, which crossed, like a single black line, the small portion of blue sky not intercepted by the projecting rocks on either side, it was with a sensation



of horror that Waverley beheld Flora and her attendant appear, like inhabitants of another region, propped, as it were in mid air, upon this trembling structure. She stopped upon observing him below, and, with an air of graceful ease which made him shudder, waved her handkerchief to him by way of signal. He was unable, from the sense of dizziness which her situation conveyed, to return the salute; and was never more relieved than when the fair apparition passed on from the precarious eminence which she seemed to occupy with so much indifference, and disappeared on the other side.

Advancing a few yards, and passing under the bridge which he had viewed with so much terror, the path ascended rapidly from the edge of the brook, and the glen widened into a sylvan amphitheatre, waving with birch, young oaks, and hazels, with here and there a scattered yew-tree. The rocks now receded, but still shewed their grey and shaggy crests rising among the copse-wood. Still higher, rose eminences and peaks, some bare, some clothed with wood, some round and purple with heath, and others splinted into rocks and crags. At a short turning, the path, which had for some furlongs lost sight of the brook, suddenly placed Waverley in front of a romantic water-fall. It was not so remarkable either for great height or



quantity of water, as for the beautiful accompaniments which made the spot interesting. After a broken cataract of about twenty feet, the stream was received in a large natural basin, filled to the brim with water, which, where the bubbles of the fall subsided, was so exquisitely clear, that, although it was of great depth, the eye could discern each pebble at the bottom. Eddying round this reservoir, the brook found its way as if over a broken part of the ledge, and formed a second fall, which seemed to seek the very abyss; then wheeling out beneath, from among the smooth dark rocks, which it had polished for ages, it wandered murmuring down the glen, forming the stream up which Waverley had just ascended. The borders of this romantic reservoir corresponded in beauty; but it was beauty of a stern and commanding cast, as if in the act of expanding into grandeur. Mossy banks of turf were broken and interrupted by huge fragments of rock, and decorated with tress and shrubs, some of which had been planted under the direction of Flora, but so cautiously, that they added to the grace without diminishing the romantic wildness of the scene.

Here, like one of those lovely forms which decorate the landscapes of Poussin, Waverley found Flora gazing on the water-fall. Two



paces farther back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the western Highlands. The sun, now stooping in the west, gave a rich and varied tinge to all the objects which surrounded Waverley, and seemed to add more than human brilliancy to the full expressive darkness of Flora's eye, exalted the richness and purity of her complexion, and enhanced the dignity and grace of her beautiful form. Edward thought he had never, even in his wildest dreams, imagined a figure of such exquisite and interesting loveliness. The wild beauty of the retreat, bursting upon him as if by magic, augmented the mingled feeling of delight and awe with which he approached her, like a fair enchantress of Boiardo or Ariosto, by whose nod the scenery around seemed to have been created, an Eden in the wilderness.

Flora, like every beautiful woman, was conscious of her own power, and pleased with its effects, which she could easily discern from the respectful, yet confused address of the young soldier. But as she possessed excellent sense, she gave the romance of the scene, and other accidental circumstances, full weight in appreciating the feelings with which Waverley seemed obviously to be impressed; and, unacquainted



with the fanciful and susceptible peculiarities of his character, considered his homage as the passing tribute which a woman of even inferior charms might have expected in such a situation. She therefore quietly led the way to a spot at such a distance from the cascade, that its sound should rather accompany than interrupt that of her voice and instrument, and, sitting down upon a mossy fragment of rock, she took the harp from Cathleen.

«I have given you the trouble of walking to this spot, Captain Waverley, both because I thought the scenery would interest you, and because a Highland song would suffer still more from my imperfect translation, were I to produce it without its own wild and appropriate accompaniments. To speak in the poetical language of my country, the seat of the Celtic Muse is in the mist of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream. He who woos her must love the barren rock more than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert better than the festivity of the hall.»

Few could have heard this lovely woman make this declaration, with a voice where harmony was exalted by pathos, without exclaiming that the muse whom she invoked could never find a more appropriate representative. But Waver-



ley, though the thought rushed on his mind, found no courage to utter it. Indeed the wild feeling of romantic delight, with which he heard the few first notes she drew from her instrument, amounted almost to a sense of pain. He would not for worlds have quitted his place by her side; yet he almost longed for solitude, that he might decypher and examine at leisure the complication of emotions which now agitated his bosom.

Flora had exchanged the measured and monotonous recitative of the bard for a lofty and uncommon Highland air, which had been a battle-song in former ages. A few irregular strains introduced a prelude of a wild and peculiar tone, which harmonized well with the distant water-fall, and the soft sigh of the evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an aspen which overhung the seat of the fair harpress. The following verses convey but little idea of the feelings with which, so sung and accompanied, they were heard by Waverley:

There is mist on the mountain, and night on  
the vale,

But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the  
Gael.

A stranger commanded — it sunk on the land,  
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every  
hand!



The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,  
The bloodless claymore is but redden'd with  
rust;

On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,  
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,

Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!  
Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone,  
That shall bid us remember the fame that is  
flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are  
past,

The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;  
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,  
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in  
the blaze.

O high-minded Moray! — the exiled — the  
dear! —

In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!  
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,  
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is  
nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall  
break,

Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?



That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers'  
eye,

But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish  
or die.

O sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept  
state,

Proud chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengary, and  
Sleat!

Combine like three streams from one moun-  
tain of snow,

And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,  
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish  
thy steel!

Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold  
swell,

Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kin-  
tail,

Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the  
gale!

May the race of Clan Gillean, the fearless and  
free,

Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!



Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring  
                                           has given  
 Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to  
                                           heaven,  
 Unite with the race of renown'd Rorri More,  
 To launch the long galley, and stretch to the  
                                           oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall  
                                           display  
 The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of grey!  
 How the race of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd  
                                           Glencoe  
 Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the  
                                           foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild  
                                           boar,  
 Resume the pure faith of the great Callain-  
                                           More!

Mac-Neil of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,  
 For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awa-  
                                           ke! —

Here a large greyhound, bounding up the  
 glen, jumped upon Flora, and interrupted her  
 music by his importunate caresses. At a distant  
 whistle, he turned and shot down the path again  
 with the rapidity of an arrow. «That is Fergus's



faithful attendant, Captain Waverley, and that was his signal. He likes no poetry but what is humorous, and comes in good time to interrupt my long catalogue of the tribes, whom one of your saucy English poets calls

Our bootless host of high-born beggars,  
Mac-Leans, Mac-Kenzies, and Mac-Gregors."

Waverley expressed his regret at the interruption.

"O you cannot guess how much you have lost! The bard, as in duty bound, has addressed three long stanzas to Vich Ian Vohr of the Banners, enumerating all his great properties, and not forgetting his being a cheerer of the harper and bard — 'a giver of bounteous gifts.' Besides, you should have heard a practical admonition to the fair-haired son of the stranger, who lives in the land where the grass is always green — the rider on the shining pampered steed, whose hue is like the raven, and whose neigh is like the scream of the eagle for battle. This valiant horseman is affectionately conjured to remember that his ancestors were distinguished by their loyalty, as well as by their courage. — All this you have lost; but since your curiosity is not satisfied, I judge, from the distant sound of my brother's whistle, I may have



time to sing the concluding stanzas before he comes to laugh at my translation."

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,  
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the  
lake!

'Tis the bugle — but not for the chase is the  
call;

'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to  
the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or  
death,

When the banners are blazing on mountain  
and heath;

They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the  
targe,

To the march and the muster, the line and the  
charge.

Be the brand of each Chieftain like Fin's in his  
ire!

May the blood through his veins flow like cur-  
rents of fire!

Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did  
of yore,

Or die like your sires, and endure it no more!

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

*Waverley continues at Glennaquoich.*

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As Flora concluded her song, Fergus stood before them. "I knew I should find you here even without the assistance of my friend Bran. A simple and unsublimed taste now, like my own, would prefer a jet d'eau at Versailles to this cascade, with all its accompaniments of rock and roar; but this is Flora's Parnassus, Captain Waverley, and that fountain her Helicon. It would be greatly for the benefit of my cellar if she could teach her coadjutor, Mac-Murrough, the value of its influence: he has just drank a pint of usquebaugh to correct, he said, the coldness of the claret — Let me try its virtues." He sipped a little water in the hollow of his hand, and immediately commenced, with a theatrical air, —



«O Lady of the desert, hail!  
That lovest the harping of the Gael,  
Through fair and fertile regions borne,  
Where never yet grew grass or corn.

But English poetry will never succeed under  
the influence of a Highland Helicon — *Allons,*  
*courage* —

O vous, qui buvez a tasse pleine,  
A cette hereuse fontaine,  
Ou on ne voit sur le rivage,  
Que quelques vilains troupeaux,  
Suivis de nymphes de village,  
Qui les escortent sans sabots" —

«A truce, dear Fergus! spare us those most  
tedious and insipid persons of all Arcadia. Do  
not, for Heaven's sake, bring down Coridon  
and Lindor upon us.»

«Nay, if you cannot relish *la houlette et le*  
*chalumeau*, have with you in heroic strains.»

«Dear Fergus, you have certainly partaken of  
the inspiration of Mac-Murrough's cup, rather  
than of mine.»

«I disclaim it, *ma belle demoiselle*, although  
I protest it would be the more congenial of the  
two. Which of your crack-brained Italian ro-  
mancers, is it that says,



Io d'Elicona niente

Mi curo, in fe de Dio, che'l bere d'acque  
(Bea chi ber ne vuol) sempre mi spiacque! \*)

But if you prefer the Gaelic, Captain Waverley, here is little Cathleen shall sing you Drim-mindhu. — Come, Cathleen, *astore*, (*i. e.* my dear,) begin; no apologies to the *Cean-kinné*."

Cathleen sung with much liveliness a little Gaelic song, the burlesque elegy of a countryman upon the loss of his cow, the comic tones of which, though he did not understand the language, made Waverley laugh more than once.

"Admirable, Cathleen!" cried the Chieftain; "I must find you a handsome husband among the clansmen one of these days."

Cathleen laughed, blushed, and sheltered herself behind her companion.

In the progress of their return to the castle, the Chieftain warmly pressed Waverley to stay for a week or two, in order to see a grand hunting party, in which he and some other Highland gentlemen proposed to join. The charms of melody and beauty were too strongly

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\*) Good sooth, I reck nought of your Helicon;  
Drink water whoso will, in faith I will  
drink none.



impressed in Edward's breast to permit his declining an invitation so pleasing. It was agreed, therefore, that he should write a note to the Baron of Bradwardine, expressing his intention to stay a fortnight at Glennaquoich, and requesting him to forward by the bearer (a *gilly* of the Chieftain's) any letters which might have arrived for him.

This turned the discourse upon the Baron, whom Fergus highly extolled as a gentleman and soldier. His character was touched with yet more discrimination by Flora, who observed he was the very model of the old Scottish cavalier, with all his excellencies and peculiarities. "It is a character, Captain Waverley, which is fast disappearing; for its best point was a self-respect which was never lost sight of till now. But now, in the present time, the gentlemen whose principles do not permit them to pay court to the present government, are neglected and degraded, and many conduct themselves accordingly; and, like some of the persons you have seen at Tully-Veolan, adopt habits and companions inconsistent with their birth and breeding. The ruthless proscription of party seems to degrade the victims whom it brands, however unjustly. But let us hope a brighter day is approaching, when a Scottish country-gentleman may be a scholar without the pe-



dantry of our friend the Baron, a sportsman without the low habits of Mr Falconer, and a judicious improver of his property without becoming a boorish two-legged steer like Killan-cureit."

Thus did Flora prophesy a revolution, which time indeed has produced, but in a manner very different from what she had in her mind.

The amiable Rose was next mentioned, with the warmest encomium on her person, manners, and mind. "That man," said Flora, "will find an inestimable treasure in the affections of Rose Bradwardine, who shall be so fortunate as to become their object. Her very soul is in home, and in the discharge of all those quiet virtues of which home is the centre. Her husband will be to her what her father now is, the object of all her care, solicitude, and affection. She will see nothing, and connect herself with nothing, but by him and through him. If he is a man of sense and virtue, she will sympathise in his sorrows, divert his fatigue, and share his pleasures. If she becomes the property of a churlish or negligent husband, she will suit his taste also, for she will not long survive his unkindness. And, alas! how great is the chance that some such unworthy lot may be that of my poor friend? — O that I were a queen this moment, and could command the most amiable



and worthy youth of my kingdom to accept happiness with the hand of Rose Bradwardine!"

"I wish you would command her to accept mine *en attendant*," said Fergus, laughing.

I don't know by what caprice it was that this wish, however jocularly expressed, rather jarred on Edward's feelings. notwithstanding his growing inclination to Flora, and his indifference to Miss Bradwardine. This is one of the inexplicabilities of human nature, which we leave without comment.

"Yours, brother?" answered Flora, regarding him steadily. "No; you have another bride — Honour; and the dangers you must run in pursuit of her rival would break poor Rose's heart."

With this discourse they reached the castle, and Waverley soon prepared his dispatches for Tully-Veolan. As he knew the Baron was punctilious in such matters, he was about to impress his billet with a seal on which his armorial bearings were engraved, but he did not find it at his watch. He mentioned his loss, borrowing at the same time the family seal of the Chieftain. He thought he must have left it at Tully-Veolan.

"Surely," said Miss Mac-Ivor, "Donald Bean Lean would not" —



“My life for him, in such circumstances,” answered her brother; “besides, he would never have left the watch behind.”

“After all, Fergus,” said Flora, “and with every allowance, I am surprised you can countenance that man.”

“I countenance him? — This kind sister of mine would persuade you, Captain Waverley, that I take what the people of old used to call ‘a steak-raid,’ that is a ‘collop of the foray,’ or, in plainer words, a portion of the robber’s booty, paid by him to the laird, or chief, through whose grounds he drove his prey. O it is certain that unless I can find some way to charm Flora’s tongue, General Blakeney will send a serjeant’s party from Stirling (this he said with haughty and emphatic irony) to seize Vich Ian Vohr, as they nickname me, in his own castle.”

“Now, Fergus, must not our guest be sensible that all this is folly and affectation? You have men enough to serve you without enlisting banditti, and your own honour is above taint — Why don’t you send this Donald Bean Lean, whom I hate for his smoothness and duplicity, even more than for his rapine, out of your country at once? No cause should induce me to tolerate such a character.”



«No cause, Flora?» said the Chieftain, significantly.

«No cause, Fergus! not even that which is nearest to my heart. Spare it the omen of such evil supporters!»

«O but, sister,» rejoined the Chief, gaily, «you don't consider my respect for *la belle passion*. Evan Dhu Maccombich is in love with Donald's daughter, Alice, and you cannot expect me to disturb him in his amours. Why, the whole clan would cry shame on me. You know it is one of their wise sayings, that a kinsman is part of a man's body, but a foster-brother is a piece of his heart.»

«Well, Fergus, there is no disputing with you; but I would all this may end well.»

«Devoutly prayed, my dear and prophetic sister, and the best way in the world to close a dubious argument. — But hear ye not the pipes, Captain Waverley? Perhaps you will like better to dance to them in the hall, than to be deafened with their harmony without taking part in the exercise they invite us to.»

Waverley took Flora's hand. The dance, song, and merry-making proceeded, and closed the day's entertainment at the castle of Vich Ian Vohr. Edward at length retired, his mind agitated by a variety of new and conflicting feelings, which detained him from rest for some



time, in that not unpleasing state of mind in which fancy takes the helm, and the soul rather drifts passively along with the rapid and confused tide of reflections, than exerts itself to encounter, systematize, or examine them. At a late hour he fell asleep, and dreamed of Flora Mac-Ivor.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### *A Stag-hunting and its Consequences.*

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SHALL this be a long or a short chapter? — This is a question in which you, gentle reader, have no vote, however much you may be interested in the consequences; just as probably you may (like myself) have nothing to do with the imposing a new tax, excepting the trifling circumstance of being obliged to pay it. More happy surely in the present case, since, though it lies within my arbitrary power to extend my materials as I think proper, I cannot call you into Exchequer if you do not think proper to read my narrative. Let me therefore consider. It is true, that the annals and documents in my hands say but little of this Highland chase; but then I can find copious materials for de-



scription elsewhere. There is old Lindsay of Pitscottie ready at my elbow, with his Athole hunting, and his «lofted and joisted palace of green timber; with all kind of drink to be had in burgh and land, as ale, beer, wine, muscadell, malvasie, hippocras, and aquavita; with wheat-bread, main-bread, ginge-bread, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, venison, goose, grice, capon, coney, crane, swan, partridge, plover, duck, drake, brissell-cock, pawnies, black-cock, muir-fowl, and capercailzies;» not forgetting the «costly bedding, vaiselle, and napry,» and least of all the «excelling stewards, cunning baxters, excellent cooks, and pottingars, with confections and drugs for the deserts.» Besides the particulars which may be thence gleaned from this Highland feast, (the splendour of which induced the pope's legate to dissent from an opinion which he had hitherto held, that Scotland namely was the — the — the latter end of the world) — besides these, might I not illuminate my pages with Taylor the Water Poet's hunting in the braes of Mar, where,

«Through heather, mosse, mong frogs, and  
bogs, and fogs,  
Mongst craggy cliffs and thunder-battered  
hills,



Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chased by  
 men and dogs,  
 Where two hours hunting fourscore fat deer  
 kills.

Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat;  
 The Highland games and minds are high  
 and great."

But without further tyranny over my readers, or display of the extent of my own reading, I shall content myself with borrowing a single incident from the memorable hunting at Lude, commemorated in the ingenious Mr Gunn's Essay on the Caledonian Harp, and so proceed in my story with all the brevity that my natural style of composition, partaking of what scholars call the periphrastic and ambagitory, and the vulgar the circumbendibus, will permit me.

The solemn hunting was delayed, from various causes, for about three weeks. The interval was spent by Waverley with great satisfaction at Glennaquoich; for the impression which Flora had made on his mind at their first meeting, grew daily stronger. She was precisely the character to fascinate a youth of romantic imagination. Her manners, her language, her talents for poetry and music, gave additional and varied influence to her eminent personal charms. Even in her hours of gaiety,



she was in his fancy exalted above the ordinary daughters of Eve, and seemed only to stoop for an instant to those topics of amusement and gallantry which others appear to live for. In the neighbourhood of this enchantress, while sport consumed the morning, and music and the dance led on the hours of evening, Waverley became daily more delighted with his hospitable landlord, and more enamoured of his bewitching sister.

At length, the period fixed for the grand hunting arrived, and Waverley and the Chief-tain departed for the place of rendezvous, which was a day's journey to the northward of Glen-naquoich. Fergus was attended on this occasion by about three hundred of his clan, well armed and accoutred in their best fashion. Waverley complied so far with the custom of the country as to adopt the trews, (he could not be reconciled to the kilt,) brogues, and bonnet, as the fittest dress for the exercise in which he was to be engaged, and which least exposed him to be stared at as a stranger when they should reach the place of rendezvous. They found, on the spot appointed, several powerful Chiefs, to all of whom Waverley was formally presented; and by all cordially received. Their vassals and clans-men, a part of whose feudal duty it was to attend upon such parties, appeared in such



numbers as amounted to a small army. These active assistants spread through the country far and near, forming a circle, technically called the *tinchel*, which, gradually closing, drove the deer in herds together towards the glen where the Chiefs and principal sportsmen lay in wait for them. In the meanwhile, these distinguished personages *bivouacked* among the flowery heath, wrapped up in their plaids; a mode of passing a summer's night which Waverley found by no means unpleasant.

For many hours after sun-rise, the mountain ridges and passes retained their ordinary appearance of silence and solitude, and the Chiefs, with their followers, amused themselves with various pastimes, in which the joys of the shell, as Ossian has it, were not forgotten. "Others apart sat on a hill retired;" probably as deeply engaged in the discussion of politics and news, as Milton's spirits in metaphysical disquisition. At length signals of the approach of the game were descried and heard. Distant shouts resounded from valley to valley, as the various parties of Highlanders, climbing rocks, struggling through copses, wading brooks, and traversing thickets, approached more and more near to each other, and compelled the astonished deer, with the other wild animals that fled before them, into a narrower circuit. Every



now and then the report of muskets was heard, repeated by a thousand echoes. The baying of the dogs was soon added to the chorus, which grew ever louder and more loud. At length the advanced parties of the deer began to shew themselves, and as the stragglers came bounding down the pass by two or three at a time, the Chiefs shewed their skill by distinguishing the fattest deer, and their dexterity in bringing them down with their guns. Fergus exhibited remarkable address, and Edward was also so fortunate as to attract the notice and applause of the sportsmen.

But now the main body of the deer appeared at the head of the glen, compelled into a very narrow compass, and presenting such a formidable phalanx, that their antlers appeared at a distance over the ridge of the steep pass like a leafless grove. Their number was very great, and from a desperate stand which they made, with the tallest of the red-deer stags arranged in front, in a sort of battle array, gazing on the group which barred their passage down the glen, the more experienced sportsmen began to augur danger. The work of destruction, however, now commenced on all sides. Dogs and hunters were at work, and muskets and fuses resounded from every quarter. The deer, driven to desperation, made at length a fearful



charge right upon the spot where the more distinguished sportsmen had taken their stand. The word was given in Gaelic to fling themselves upon their faces; but Waverley, upon whose English ears the signal was lost, had almost fallen a sacrifice to his ignorance of the ancient language in which it was communicated. Fergus, observing his danger, sprung up and pulled him with violence to the ground just as the whole herd broke down upon them. The tide being absolutely irresistible, and wounds from a stag's horn highly dangerous, the activity of the Chieftain may be considered, on this occasion, as having saved his guest's life. He detained him with a firm grasp until the whole herd of deer had fairly run over them. Waverley then attempted to rise, but found that he had suffered several severe contusions, and upon a further examination discovered that he had sprained his ankle violently.

This checked the mirth of the meeting, although the Highlanders, accustomed to such incidents, and prepared for them, had suffered no harm themselves. A wigwam was erected almost in an instant, where Edward was deposited on a couch of heather. The surgeon, or he who assumed the office, appeared to unite the characters of a leach and a conjuror. He was an old smokedried Highlander, wearing a



venerable grey beard, and having for his sole garment a tartan frock, the skirts of which descended to the knee, and, being undivided in front, made the vestment serve at once for doublet and breeches. He observed great ceremony in approaching Edward; and though our hero was writhing with pain, would not proceed to any operation which would assuage it until he had perambulated his couch three times, moving from east to west, according to the course of the sun. This, which was called making the *deasil*, both the leach and the assistants seemed to consider as a matter of the last importance to the accomplishment of a cure; and Edward, whom pain rendered incapable of expostulation, and who indeed saw no chance of its being attended to, submitted in silence.

After this ceremony was duly performed, the old Esculapius let Edward blood with a cupping-glass with great dexterity, and proceeded, muttering all the while to himself in Gaelic, to boil upon the fire certain herbs, with which he compounded an embrocation. He then fomented the parts which had sustained injury, never failing to murmur prayers or spells, which of the two Waverley could not distinguish, as his ear only caught the words *Gaspar-Melchior-Balthazar-max-prax-fax*, and similar gibberish. The fomentation had a speedy effect in alleviat-



ing the pain and swelling, which our hero imputed to the virtue of the herbs, or the effect of the chafing, but which was by the bystanders unanimously ascribed to the spells with which the operation had been accompanied. Edward was given to understand, that not one of the ingredients had been gathered except during the full moon, and that the herbalist had, while collecting them, uniformly recited a charm, which, in English, run thus;

Hail to thee, thou holy herb,  
That sprung on holy ground!  
All in the Mount Olivet  
First wert thou found:  
Thou art boot for many a bruise,  
And healest many a wound;  
In our Lady's blessed name,  
I take thee from the ground.

Edward observed, with some surprise, that even Fergus, notwithstanding his knowledge and education, seemed to fall in with the superstitious ideas of his countrymen, either because he deemed it impolitic to affect scepticism on a matter of general belief, or more probably because, like most men who do not think deeply or accurately on such subjects, he had in his mind a reserve of superstition, which balanced the freedom of his expressions and practice upon



other occasions. Waverley made no commentary, therefore, on the manner of the treatment, but rewarded the professor of medicine with a liberality beyond the utmost conception of his wildest hopes. He uttered, on the occasion, so many incoherent blessings in Gaelic and English, that Mac-Ivor, rather scandalized at the excess of his acknowledgments, cut them short, by exclaiming, *Ceade millia molighart*, i. e. "A hundred curses be with you," and so pushed the helper of men out of the cabin.

After Waverley was left alone, the exhaustion of pain and fatigue, for the whole day's exercise had been severe, threw him into a profound, but yet a feverish sleep, which he chiefly owed to an opiate draught administered by the old Highlander from some decoction of herbs in his pharmacopeia.

Early the next morning, the purpose of their meeting being over, and their sports blanked by the untoward accident, in which Fergus and all his friends expressed the greatest sympathy, it became a question how to dispose of the disabled sportsman. This was settled by Mac-Ivor, who had a litter prepared, of "birch and hazel grey," which was borne by his people with such caution and dexterity, as renders it not improbable that they may have been the ancestors of some of those sturdy Gael who



have now the happiness to transport the belles of Edinburgh in their sedan-chairs, to ten routes in one evening. When Edward was elevated upon their shoulders, he could not help being gratified with the romantic effect produced by the breaking up of this sylvan camp.

The various tribes assembled, each at the pibroch of his native clan, and each headed by their patriarchal ruler. Some, who had already begun to retire, were seen winding up the hills, or descending the passes which led to the scene of action, the sound of their bagpipes dying away upon the ear. Others made still a moving picture upon the narrow plain, forming various changeful groups, their feathers and loose plaids waving in the morning breeze, and their arms glittering in the rising sun. Most of their chiefs came to take farewell of Waverley, and to express their anxious hope they might again, and speedily, meet, but the care of Fergus abridged the ceremonies of taking leave. At length, his own men being completely assembled and mustered, Mac-Ivor commenced his march, but not towards the quarter from which they had come. He gave Waverley to understand, that the greater part of his followers, now on the field, were bound upon a distant expedition, and that when he had deposited Waverley in the house of a gentleman, who he was sure



would pay him every attention, he himself would be under the necessity of accompanying them the greater part of the way, but would lose no time in rejoining his friend.

Waverley was rather surprised that Fergus had not mentioned this ulterior destination when they set out upon the hunting-party; but his situation did not admit of many interrogations. The greater part of the glansmen went forward under the guidance of old Ballenkeiroch, and Evan Dhu Maccombich, apparently in high spirits. A few remained for the purpose of escorting the Chieftain, who walked by the side of Edward's litter, and attended him with the most affectionate assiduity. About noon, after a journey which the nature of the conveyance, the pain of his bruises, and the roughness of the way, rendered inexpressibly painful, Waverley was hospitably received in the house of a gentleman related to Fergus, who had prepared for him every accommodation which the simple habits of living then universal in the Highlands, put in his power. In this person, an old man about seventy, Edward admired a relic of primitive simplicity. He wore no dress but what his estate afforded; the cloth was the fleeces of his own sheep, woven by his own servants, and stained into tartan by the dyes produced from the herbs and lichens of the



hills around him. His linen was spun by his daughters and maidservants, from his own flax; nor did his table, though blentiful, and varied with game and fish, offer an article but what was of native produce.

Claiming himself no rights of clanship or vassalage, he was fortunate in the alliance and protection of Vich Ian Vohr, and other bold and enterprising chieftains, who protected him in the quiet unambitious life he loved. It is true, the youth born on his grounds were often enticed to leave him for the service of his more active friends; but a few old servants and tenants used to shake their grey locks when they heard their master censured for want of spirit, and observed, "When the wind is still, the shower falls soft." This good old man, whose charity and hospitality were unbounded, would have received Waverley with kindness, had he been the meanest Saxon peasant, since his situation required assistance. But his attention to a friend and guest of Vich Ian Vohr was anxious and unremitted. Other embrocations were applied to the injured limb; and new spells were put in practice. At length, after more solicitude than was perhaps for the advantage of his health Fergus took farewell of Waverley for a few days, when, he said, he would return to To-manrait, and hoped by that time Waverley



would be able to ride one of the Highland ponies of his host, and in that manner return to Glennaquoich.

The next day, when his good old host appeared, Edward learned that his friend had departed with dawn, leaving none of his attendants except Callum Beg, the sort of foot-page who used to attend his person, and who had now in charge to wait upon Waverley. On asking his host, if he knew where the Chieftain was gone? the old man looked fixedly at him, with something mysterious and sad in the smile, which was his only reply. Waverley repeated his question, to which his host answered in a proverb, —

“What sent the messengers to hell,  
Was asking that they knew full well.”

He was about to proceed, but Callum Beg said, rather pertly as Edward thought, that “Ta Tighearnach (*i. e.* the Chief) did not like ta Sassenagh Duiné-wassal to be pingled wi’ mickle speaking, as she was na tat weil.” From this Waverley concluded he should disoblige his friend by enquiring at a stranger the object of a journey which he himself had not communicated.

It is unnecessary to trace the progress of our hero’s recovery. The sixth morning had



arrived, and he was able to walk about with a staff, when Fergus returned with about a score of his men. He seemed in the highest spirits, congratulated Waverley on his progress towards recovery, and finding he was able to sit upon horseback, proposed their immediate return to Glennaquoich. Waverley joyfully acceded, for the form of its fair mistress had lived in his dreams during all the time of his confinement.

Now he has ridden o'er moor and moss,  
O'er hill and many a glen,

Fergus all the while, with his myrmidons, striding stoutly by his side, or diverging to get a shot at a roe or a heath-cock. Waverley's bosom beat thick when they approached the old tower of lan nan Chaistel, and could distinguish the fair form of its mistress advancing to meet them.

Fergus began immediately, with his usual high spirits, to exclaim, "Open your gates, incomparable princess, to the wounded Moor Abiudarez, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, constable of Antiquera, conveys to your castle; or open them, if you like it better, to the renowned Marquis of Mantua, the sad attendant of his half-slain friend, Baldovinos of the mountain. — Ah, long rest to thy soul, Cervantes! without quoting thy remnants, how



should I frame my language to befit romantic ears!"

Flora now advanced, and welcoming Waverley with much kindness, expressed her regret for his accident, of which she had already heard particulars, and her surprise that her brother should not have taken better care to put a stranger on his guard against the perils of the sport in which he engaged him. Edward readily exculpated the Chieftain, who, indeed, at his own personal risk, had probably saved his life.

This greeting over, Fergus said three or four words to his sister in Gaelic. The tears instantly sprung to her eyes, but they seemed to be tears of devotion or joy, for she looked up to heaven, and folded her hands as in a solemn expression of prayer or gratitude. After the pause of a minute, she presented to Edward some letters which had been forwarded from Tully-Veolan during his absence, and, at the same time, delivered some to her brother. To the latter she likewise gave three or four numbers of the Caledonian Mercury, the only newspaper which was then published to the north of the Tweed.

Both gentlemen retired to examine their dispatches, and Edward speedily found that those which he had received contained matters of very deep interest.

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CHAPTER XXV.*News from England.*
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THE letters which Waverley had hitherto received from his relations in England, were not such as required any particular notice in this narrative. His father usually wrote to him with the pompous affectation of one who was too much oppressed by public affairs to find leisure to attend to those of his own family. Now and then he mentioned persons of rank in Scotland to whom he could wish his son should pay some attention; but Waverley, hitherto occupied by the amusements which he had found at Tully-Veolan and Glennaquoich, dispensed with paying any attention to hints so coldly thrown out, especially as distance, shortness of leave of absence, and so forth, furnished a

ready apology. But latterly the burthen of Mr Richard Waverley's paternal epistles consisted in certain mysterious hints of greatness and influence which he was speedily to attain, and which would ensure his son's obtaining the most rapid promotion, should he remain in the military service. Sir Everard's letters were of a different tenor. They were short; for the good Baronet was none of your illimitable correspondents, whose manuscript overflows the folds of their large post paper, and leaves no room for the seal; but they were kind and affectionate, and seldom concluded without some allusion to our hero's steed, some question about the state of his purse, and a special enquiry after such of his recruits as had preceded him from Waverley-Honour. Aunt Rachael charged him to remember his principles of religion, to take care of his health, to beware of Scotch mists, which, she had heard, would wet an Englishman to the skin; never to go out at night without his greatcoat; and above all, to wear flannel near his skin.

Mr Pembroke only wrote to our hero one letter, but it was of the bulk of six epistles of these degenerate days, containing, in the moderate compass of ten folio pages, closely written, a precis of a supplementary quarto manuscript of *addenda, delenda, et corrigenda*,

in reference to the two tracts with which he had presented Waverley. This he considered as a mere sop in the pan to stay the appetite of Edward's curiosity, until he should find an opportunity of sending down the volume itself, which was much too heavy for the post, and which he proposed to accompany with certain interesting pamphlets, lately published by his friend in Little Britain, with whom he had kept up a sort of literary correspondence, in virtue of which the library shelves of Waverley-Honour were loaded with much trash, and a good round bill, seldom summed in fewer than three figures, was yearly transmitted, in which Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, Bart., was marked Dr. to Jonathan Grubbet, bookseller and stationer, Little Britain. Such had hitherto been the style of the letters which Edward had received from England; but the packet delivered to him at Glennaquoich was of a different and more interesting complexion. It would be impossible for the reader, even were I to insert the letters at full length, to comprehend the real cause of their being written, without a glance into the interior of the British Cabinet at the period in question.

The ministers of the day happened (no very singular event) to be divided into two parties; the weakest of which, making up by assiduity

of intrigue their inferiority in real consequence, had of late acquired some new proselytes, and with them the hope of superseding their rivals in the favour of their sovereign, and overpowering them in the House of Commons. Amongst others, they had thought it worth while to practise upon Richard Waverley. This honest gentleman, by a grave mysterious demeanour, an attention to the etiquette of business, as well as to its essence, a facility in making long dull speeches, consisting of truisms and commonplaces, hashed up with a technical jargon of office, which prevented the inanity of his orations from being discovered, had acquired a certain name and credit in public life, and even established, with many, the character of a profound politician; none of your shining orators, indeed, whose talents evaporate in tropes of rhetoric and flashes of wit, but one possessed of steady parts for business, which would wear well, as the ladies say in chusing their silks, and ought in all reason to be good for common and every-day use, since they were confessedly formed of no holiday texture.

This faith had become so general, that the insurgent party in the cabinet of which we have made mention, after sounding Mr Richard Waverley, were so satisfied with his sentiments and abilities, as to propose, that, in case of a cer-

tain revolution in the ministry, he should take an ostensible place in the new order of things, not indeed of the very first rank, but greatly higher, in point both of emolument and influence, than that which he now enjoyed. There was no resisting so tempting a proposal, notwithstanding that the Great Man, under whose patronage he had enlisted, and by whose banner he had hitherto stood firm, was the principal object of the proposed attack by the new allies. Unfortunately, this fair scheme of ambition was blighted in the very bud, by a premature movement. All the official gentlemen concerned in it, who hesitated to take the part of a voluntary resignation, were informed that the king had no farther occasion for their services; and, in Richard Waverley's case, which the minister considered as aggravated by ingratitude, dismissal was accompanied by some thing like personal contempt and contumely. The public, and even the party of whom he shared the fall, sympathised little in the disappointment of this selfish and interested statesman; and he retired to the country under the comfortable reflection, that he had lost, at the same time, character, credit, and, — what he at least equally deplored, — emolument.

Richard Waverley's letter to his son upon this occasion was a masterpiece of its kind.

Aristides himself could not have made out a harder case. An unjust monarch, and an ungrateful country, were the burthen of each rounded paragraph. He spoke of long services, and unrequited sacrifices, though the former had been overpaid by his salary, and nobody could guess in what the latter consisted, unless it were in his deserting, not from conviction, but for the lucre of gain, the tory principles of his family. In the conclusion; his resentment was wrought to such an excess by the force of his own oratory, that he could not repress some threats of vengeance, however vague and impotent, and finally acquainted his son with his pleasure that he should testify his sense of the ill-treatment he had sustained, by throwing up his commission as soon as the letter reached him. This, he said, was also his uncle's desire, as he would himself intimate in due course.

Accordingly, the next letter which Edward opened was from Sir Everard. His brother's disgrace seemed to have removed from his well-natured bosom all recollection of their differences; and, remote as he was from every means of learning that Richard's disgrace was in reality only the just, as well as natural consequence, of his own unsuccessful intrigues, the good, but credulous baronet, at once set it down as

a new and enormous instance of the injustice of the existing government. It was true, he said, and he must not disguise it even from Edward, that his father could not have sustained such an insult as was now, for the first time, offered to one of his house, unless he had subjected himself to it by accepting of an employment under the present system. Sir Everard had no doubt that he now both saw and felt the magnitude of this error, and it should be his (Sir Everard's) business, to take care that the cause of his regret should not extend itself to pecuniary consequences. It was enough for a Waverley to have sustained the public disgrace; the patrimonial injury could easily be obviated by the head of their family. But it was both the opinion of Mr Richard Waverley and his own, that Edward, the representative of the family of Waverley-Honour, should not remain in a situation which subjected him also to such treatment as that with which his father had been stigmatized. He requested his nephew therefore to take the fittest, and at the same time, the most speedy opportunity, of transmitting his resignation to the War-Office, and hinted, moreover, that little ceremony was necessary where so little had been used to his father. He sent multitudinous greetings to the Baron of Bradwardine.

A letter from aunt Rachael spoke out even more plainly. She considered the disgrace of brother Richard as the just reward of his forfeiting his allegiance to a lawful, though exiled sovereign, and taking the oaths to an alien; a concession which her grandfather, Sir Nigel Waverley, refused to make, either to the round-head parliament or to Cromwell, when his life and fortune stood in the utmost extremity. She hoped her dear Edward would follow the footsteps of his ancestors, and as speedily as possible get rid of the badge of servitude to the usurping family, and regard the wrongs sustained by his father as an admonition from Heaven, that every desertion of the line of loyalty becomes its own punishment. She also concluded with her respects to Mr Bradwardine, and begged Waverley would inform her whether his daughter, Miss Rose, was old enough to wear a pair of very handsome ear-rings, which she proposed to send as a token of her affection. The good lady also desired to be informed whether Mr Bradwardine took as much Scotch snuff, and danced as unweariedly, as he did when he was at Waverley-Honour about thirty years ago.

These letters, as might have been expected, highly excited Waverley's indignation. From the desultory style of his studies, he had not any fixed political opinion to place in opposition

to the movements of indignation which he felt at his father's supposed wrongs. Of the real cause of his disgrace, Edward was totally ignorant; nor had his habits at all led him to investigate the politics of the period in which he lived, or remark the intrigues in which his father had been so actively engaged. Indeed, any impressions which he had accidentally adopted concerning the parties of the times, were (owing to the society in which he had lived at Waverley-Honour,) of a nature rather unfavourable to the existing government and dynasty. He entered, therefore, without hesitation, into the resentful feeling of the relations who had the best title to dictate his conduct; and not perhaps the less willingly when he remembered the tædium of his quarters, and the inferior figure which he had made among the officers of his regiment. If he could have had any doubt upon the subject, it would have been decided by the following letter from his commanding officer, which, at it is very short, shall be inserted verbatim:

«SIR,

«Having carried somewhat beyond the line of my duty, an indulgence which even the lights of nature, and much more those of Christianity, direct towards errors which may arise from youth

and inexperience, and that altogether without effect, I am reluctantly compelled, at the present crisis, to use the only remaining remedy which is in my power. You are therefore, hereby commanded to repair to —, the headquarters of the regiment, within three days after the date of this letter. If you shall fail to do so, I must report you to the War-Office as absent without leave, and also take other steps, which will be disagreeable to you, as well as to,

“Sir,

“Your obedient Servant,

“J. G—, Lieut. Col.

“Commanding the — Regt. Dragoons.”

Edward's blood boiled within him as he read this letter. He had been accustomed from his very infancy to possess, in a great measure, the disposal of his own time, and had thus acquired habits which rendered the rules of military discipline as unpleasing to him in this as they were in some other respects. An idea that in his own case they would not be enforced in a very rigid manner, had also obtained full possession of his mind, and had hitherto been sanctioned by the indulgent conduct of his lieutenant-colonel. Neither had any thing occurred, to his knowledge, that should have induced his commanding officer, without any other warning

than the hints we noticed at the end of the fourteenth chapter of the last volume, so suddenly to assume a harsh, and, as Edward deemed it, so insolent a tone of dictatorial authority. Connecting it with the letters he had just received from his family, he could not but suppose, that it was designed to make him feel, in his present situation, the same pressure of authority which had been exercised in his father's case, and that the whole was a concerted scheme to depress and degrade every member of the Waverley family.

Without a pause, therefore, Edward wrote a few cold lines, thanking his lieutenant-colonel for past civilities, and expressing regret that he should have chosen to efface the remembrance of them, by assuming a different tone towards him. This strain of his letter, as well as what he (Edward) conceived to be his duty, in the present crisis, called upon him to lay down his commission; and he therefore inclosed the formal resignation of a situation which subjected him to so unpleasant a correspondence, and requested Colonel G— would have the goodness to forward it to the proper authorities.

Having finished this magnanimous epistle, he felt somewhat uncertain concerning the terms in which his resignation ought to be expressed, upon which subject he resolved to consult Fer-

gus Mac Ivor. It may be observed in passing, that the bold and prompt habits of thinking, acting, and speaking, which distinguished this young Chieftain, had given him a considerable ascendancy over the mind of Waverley. Endowed with at least equal powers of understanding, and with much finer genius, Edward yet stooped to the bold and decisive activity of an intellect which was sharpened by the habit of acting on a pre-conceived and regular system, as well as by extensive knowledge of the world.

When Edward found his friend, the latter had still in his hand the newspaper which he had perused, and advanced to meet him with the embarrassment of one who has unpleasing news to communicate. "Do your letters, Captain Waverley, confirm the unpleasing information which I find in this paper?"

He put the paper into his hand, where his father's disgrace was registered in the most bitter terms, transferred probably from some London journal. At the end of the paragraph was this remarkable inuendo:

"We understand that 'this same *Richard* who hath done all this,' is not the only example of the *Wavering Honour* of W-v-r-l-y H-n-r. See the Gazette of this day."

With hurried and feverish apprehension our hero turned to the place referred to, and found

therein recorded, "Edward Waverley, captain in — regiment dragoons, superseded for absence without leave;" and in the list of military promotions, referring to the same regiment, he discovered this farther article, "Lieut. Julius Butler to be captain, *vice* Edward Waverley superseded."

Our hero's bosom glowed with the resentment which undeserved and apparently premeditated insult was calculated to excite in the bosom of one who had aspired after honour, and was thus wantonly held up to public scorn and disgrace. Upon comparing the date of his colonel's letter with that of the article in the Gazette, he perceived that his threat of making a report upon his absence had been literally complied with, and without enquiry, as it seemed, whether Edward had either received his summons, or was disposed to comply with it. The whole, therefore, appeared a formed plan to degrade him in the eyes of the public; and the idea of its having succeeded filled him with such bitter emotions, that, after various attempts to conceal them, he at length threw himself into Mac-Ivor's arms, and gave vent to tears of shame and indignation.

It was none of this Chieftain's faults to be indifferent to the wrongs of his friends; and for Edward, independent of certain plans with which

he was connected, he felt a deep and sincere interest. The proceeding appeared as extraordinary to him as it had done to Edward. He indeed knew of more motives than Waverley was privy to for the peremptory order that he should join his regiment. But that, without farther enquiry into the circumstances of a necessary delay, the commanding officer, in contradiction to his known and established character, should have proceeded in so harsh and unusual a manner, was a mystery which he could not penetrate. He soothed our hero, however, to the best of his power, and began to turn his thoughts on revenge for his insulted honour.

Edward eagerly grasped at the idea. "Will you carry a message for me to Colonel G—, my dear Fergus, and oblige me for ever?"

Fergus paused; "It is an act of friendship which you should command, could it be useful, or lead to the righting your honour; but in the present case, I doubt if your commanding officer would give you the meeting on account of his having taken measures, which, however harsh and exasperating, were still within the strict bounds of his duty. Besides, G— is a precise Huguenot, and has adopted certain ideas about the sinfulness of such rencontres, from which it would be impossible to make him depart,

especially as his courage is beyond all suspicion. And besides, I — I, to say the truth — I dare not at this moment, for some very weighty reasons, go near any of the military quarters or garrisons belonging to this government.”

“And am I to sit down quiet and contented under the injury I have received?”

“That will I never advise my friend. But I would have vengeance to fall on the head, not on the hand; on the tyrannical and oppressive government which designed and directed these premeditated and reiterated insults, not on the tools of office which they employed in the execution of the injuries they aimed at you.”

“Upon the government!”

“Yes, upon the usurping house of Hanover, whom your grandfather would no more have served than he would have taken wages of red-hot gold from the great fiend of hell!”

“But since the time of my grandfather two generations of this dynasty have possessed the throne.”

“True; — and because we have passively given them so long an opportunity of shewing their native character, — because both you and I myself have lived in quiet submission, have even

truckled to the times so far as to accept commissions under them, and thus have given them an opportunity of disgracing us publicly by resuming them, are we not on that account to resent injuries which our fathers only apprehended, but which we have actually sustained? Or is the cause of the unfortunate Stuart family become less just, because their title has devolved upon an heir who is innocent of the charges of misgovernment brought against his father? — Do you remember the lines of your favourite poet, —

Had Richard unconstrain'd resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own;
The title stood entail'd had Richard had a son.

You see, my dear Waverley, I can quote poetry as well as Flora and you. But come, clear your moody brow, and trust to me to shew you an honourable road to a speedy and glorious revenge. Let us seek Flora, who, perhaps, has more news to tell us of what has occurred during our absence. She will rejoice to hear that you are relieved of your servitude. But first add a postscript to your letter, marking the time when you received this Calvinistical colonel's first summons, and express your regret that the hastiness of his proceedings prevented

your anticipating them by sending your resignation. Then let him blush for his injustice."

The letter was sealed accordingly, covering a formal resignation of the commission, and Mac-Ivor dispatched it with some letters of his own by a special messenger, with charge to put them into the nearest post-office in the Lowlands.

CHAPTER XXVI.

An Eclaircissement.

THE hint which the Chieftain had thrown out respecting Flora was not unpremeditated. He had observed with great satisfaction the growing attachment of Waverley to his sister, nor did he see any bar to their union, excepting the situation which Waverley's father held in the ministry, and Edward's own commission in the army of George II. These obstacles were now removed, and in a manner which apparently paved the way at least for the son's becoming reconciled to another allegiance. In every other respect the match would be most eligible. The safety, happiness, and honourable provision of his sister, whom he dearly loved, appeared to be insured by the proposed union. And his

heart swelled when he considered how his own interest would be exalted in the eyes of the ex-monarch to whom he had dedicated his service, by an alliance with one of those ancient, powerful, and wealthy English families of the ancient cavalier faith, to awaken whose decayed attachment to the Stuart family was now a matter of such vital importance to their cause. Nor could Fergus perceive any obstacle to such a scheme. Waverley's attachment was evident; and as his person was handsome, and his taste apparently coincided with her own, he anticipated no opposition on the part of Flora. Indeed, between his ideas of patriarchal power, and those which he had acquired in France respecting the disposal of females in marriage, any opposition from his sister, dear as she was to him, would have been the last obstacle on which he would have calculated, even had the union been less eligible.

Influenced by these feelings, the Chief now led Waverley in quest of Miss Mac-Ivor, not without the hope that the present agitation of his guest's spirits might give him courage to cut short what Fergus termed the romance of the courtship. They found Flora with her faithful attendants, Una and Cathleen, busied in preparing what appeared to Waverley to be white bridal favours. Disguising as well as he could

the agitation of his mind, Waverley asked for what joyful occasion Miss Mac-Ivor made such ample preparation.

“It is for Fergus’s bridal,” said she, smiling.

“Indeed! — he has kept his secret well. I hope he will allow me to be his bride’sman.”

“That is a man’s office, but not yours, as Beatrice says.”

“And who is the fair lady?”

“Did not I tell you long since, that Fergus wooed no bride but Honour?”

“And am I then incapable of being his assistant and counsellor in the pursuit of honour, Miss Mac-Ivor?” said our hero, colouring deeply.

“Do I rank so low in your opinion?”

“Far from it, Captain Waverley. I would to God you were of our determination! and made use of the expression which displeased you, solely

Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us as an enemy.”

“That time is past, sister; and you may wish Edward Waverley (no longer captain) joy of being freed from the slavery to an usurper, implied in that sable and ill omened emblem.”

“Yes,” said Waverley, undoing the cockade from his hat, “it has pleased the king who bestowed this badge upon me, to resume it in

a manner which leaves me little reason to regret his service."

"Thank God for that!" cried the enthusiast; "and O that they may be blind enough to treat every man of honour who serves them with the same indignity, that I may have less to sigh for when the struggle approaches!"

"And now, sister, replace his cockade with one of a more lively colour. I think it was the fashion of the ladies of yore to arm and send for their knights to high achievement."

"Not till the knight adventurer had well weighed the justice and the danger of the cause, Fergus. Mr Waverley is just now too much agitated by feelings of recent emotion for me to press upon him a resolution of consequence."

Waverley felt half-alarmed at the thought of adopting the badge of what was esteemed rebellion by the majority of the kingdom, yet he could not disguise his chagrin at the coldness with which Flora parried her brother's hint. "Miss Mac-Ivor, I perceive, thinks the knight unworthy of her encouragement and favour," said he, somewhat bitterly.

"Not so, Mr Waverley," she replied, with great sweetness. "Why should I refuse my brother's valued friend a boon which I am distributing to his whole clan? Most willingly would I enlist every man of honour in the cause

to which my brother has devoted himself. But he has taken his measures with his eyes open. His life has been devoted to this cause from his cradle; with him its call is sacred, were it even a summons to the tomb. But how can I wish you, Mr Waverley, so new to the world, so far from every friend who might advise and ought to influence you, — in a moment too of sudden pique and indignation, — how can I wish you to plunge yourself at once into so desperate an enterprize?"

Fergus, who did not understand these delicacies, strode through the apartment biting his lip, and then, with a constrained smile, said, "Well, sister, I leave you to act your new character of mediator between the Elector of Hanover and the subjects of your lawful sovereign and benefactor," and left the room.

There was a painful pause, which was at length broken by Miss Mac-Ivor. "My brother is unjust," she said, "because he can bear no interruption that seems to thwart his loyal zeal."

"And do you not share his ardour?"

"Do I not? — God knows mine exceeds his, if that be possible. But I am not, like him, rapt by the bustle of military preparation, and the infinite detail necessary to the present undertaking, beyond consideration of the grand principles of justice and truth, on which our

enterprize is grounded; and these, I am certain, can only be furthered by measures in themselves true and just. To operate upon your present feelings, my dear Mr Waverley, to induce you to an irretrievable step, of which you have not considered either the justice or the danger, is, in my poor judgment, neither the one nor the other."

"Incomparable Flora!" said Edward, taking her hand; "how much do I need such a monitor!"

"A better one by far," said Flora, gently withdrawing her hand, "Mr Waverley will always find in his own bosom, when he will give its small still voice leisure to be heard."

"No, Miss Mac-Ivor, I dare not hope it; a thousand circumstances of fatal self-indulgence have made me the creature rather of imagination than reason. Durst I but hope — could I but think — that you would deign to be to me that affectionate, that condescending friend, who would strengthen me to redeem my errors, my future life" —

"Hush, my dear sir! you now carry your joy at escaping the hands of a jacobite recruiting officer to an unparalleled excess of gratitude."

"Nay, dear Flora, trifle with me no longer; you cannot mistake the meaning of those feelings which I have almost involuntarily expressed; and, since I have broke the barrier of silence,

let me profit by my audacity — Or may I, with your permission, mention to your brother" —

"Not for the world, Mr Waverley!"

"What am I to understand? Is there any fatal bar — has any prepossession" —

"None, sir. I owe it to myself to say, that I never yet saw the person on whom I thought, with reference to the present subject."

"The shortness of our acquaintance, perhaps — If Miss Mac Ivor will deign to give me time" —

"I have not even that excuse. Captain Waverley's character is so open — is, in short, of that nature that it cannot be misconstrued, either in its strength or its weakness."

"And for that weakness you despise me?"

"Forgive me, Mr Waverley — and remember it is but within this half hour that there existed between us a barrier of a nature to me insurmountable, since I never could think of an officer in the service of the Elector of Hanover in any other light than as a casual acquaintance. Permit me then to arrange my ideas upon so unexpected a topic, and in less than an hour I will be ready to give you such reasons for the resolution I shall express, as may be satisfactory at least, if not pleasing to you." So saying, Flora withdrew, leaving Waverley to meditate upon the manner in which she had received his addresses.

Ere he could make up his mind whether to believe his suit had been acceptable or no, Fergus re-entered the apartment. «What, *à la mort*, Waverley?» he cried. «Come down with me to the court, and you shall see a sight worth all the tirades of your romances, An hundred firelocks, my friend, and as many broad-swords, just arrived from good friends; and two or three hundred stout fellows almost fighting which shall first possess them. — But let me look at you closer — Why, a true Highlander would say you had been blighted by an evil eye. — Or can it be this silly girl that has thus blanked your spirit? — Never mind her, dear Edward; the wisest of her sex are fools in what regards the business of life.»

«Indeed, my good friend,” answered Waverley, «all that I can charge against your sister is, that shee is too sensible, too reasonable.»

«If that be all, I insure you for a lousido'r against the mood lasting four-and-twenty hours. No woman was ever steadily sensible for that period; and I will engage, if that will please you, Flora shall be as unreasonable to-morrow as any of her sex. You must learn, my dear Edward, to consider women *en mousquetaire*.” So saying, he seized Waverley's arm, and dragged him off to review his military preparations.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

*Upon the same Subject.*

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FERGUS MAC-IVOR had too much tact and delicacy to renew the subject which he had interrupted. His head was, or appeared to be, so full of guns, broad-swords, bonnets, cantines, and tartan hose, that Waverley could not for some time draw his attention to any other topic.

“Are you to take the field so soon, Fergus, that you are making all these martial preparations?”

“When we have settled that you go with me, you shall know all; but otherwise the knowledge might rather be prejudicial to you.”

“But are you serious in your purpose, with such inferior forces, to rise against an established government? It is mere frenzy.”

“*Laissez faire a Don Antoine.* — I shall take good care of myself. We shall at least use the



compliment of Conan, who never got a stroke but he gave one. I would not, however, have you think me mad enough to stir till a favourable opportunity: I will not slip my dog before the game's a-foot. But, once more, will you join with us, and you shall know all?"

"How can I? I, who have so lately held that commission which is now posting back to those that gave it? My accepting it implied a promise of fidelity, and an acknowledgment of the legality of the government."

"A rash promise is not a steel handcuff; it may be shaken off, especially when it was given under deception, and has been repaid by insult. But if you cannot immediately make up your mind to a glorious revenge, go to England, and ere you cross the Tweed you will hear tidings that will make the world ring; and if Sir Everard be the gallant old cavalier I have heard him described by some of our *honest* gentlemen of the year one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, he will find you a better horse-troop and a better cause than you have lost."

"But your sister, Fergus?"

"Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! — Speakest thou of nothing but of ladies?"

"Nay, be serious, my dear friend; I feel that the happiness of my future life must depend



upon the answer which Miss Mac-Ivor shall make to what I ventured to tell her this morning "

"And is this your very sober earnest, or are we in the land of romance and fiction?"

"My earnest, undoubtedly. How could you suppose me jesting on such a subject?"

"Then, in very sober earnest, I am very glad to hear it; and so highly do I think of Flora, that you are the only man in England for whom I would say so much. — But before you shake my hand so warmly, there is more to be considered — Your own family, will they approve your connecting yourself with the sister of a high-born Highland beggar?"

"My uncle's situation, his general opinions, and his uniform indulgence, entitle me to say, that birth and personal qualities are all he would look to in such a connection. And where can I find both united in such excellence as in your sister?"

"O nowhere! — *cela va sans dire*. But your father will expect a father's prerogative in being consulted."

"Surely; but his late breach with the ruling powers removes all apprehension of objection on his part, especially as I am convinced that my uncle will be warm in my cause."

"Religion perhaps — though we are not bigotted Catholics."



“My grandmother was of the church of Rome, and her religion was never objected to by my family. — Do not think of my friends, dear Fergus; let me rather have your influence where it may be more necessary to remove obstacles — I mean with your lovely sister.”

“My lovely sister, like her loving brother, is very apt to have a pretty decisive will of her own, by which in this case, you must be ruled; but you shall not want my interest, nor my counsel. And, in the first place, I will give you one hint — Loyalty is her ruling passion; and since she could spell an English book, she has been in love with the memory of the gallant Captain Wogan, who renounced the service of the usurper Cromwell to join the standard of Charles II., marched a handful of cavalry from London to the Highlands to join Middleton, then in arms for the king, and at length died gloriously in the royal cause. Ask her to shew you some verses she made on his history and fate; they have been much admired, I assure you. The next point is — I think I saw Flora go up towards the water-fall a short time since — follow, man, follow! don't allow the garrison time to strengthen its purposes of resistance — *Alerte a la muraille!* Seek Flora out, and learn her decision as soon as you can,



and Cupid go with you, while I go to look over belts and cartouch boxes."

Waverley ascended the glen with an anxious and throbbing heart. Love, with all its romantic train of hopes, fears, and wishes, was mingled with other feelings of a nature less easily defined. He could not but remember how much this morning had changed his fate, and into what a complication of perplexity it was likely to plunge him. Sun-rise had seen him possessed of an esteemed rank in the honourable profession of arms, his father to all appearance rapidly rising in the favour of his sovereign; — all this had passed away like a dream — he himself was dishonoured, his father disgraced, and he had become involuntarily the confidant at least, if not the accomplice, of plans, dark, deep, and dangerous, which must infer either the subversion of the government he had so lately served, or the destruction of all who had participated in them. Should Flora even listen to his suit favourably, what prospect was there of its being brought to a happy termination, amid the tumult of an impending insurrection? Or how could he make the selfish request that she should leave Fergus, to whom she was so much attached, and, retiring with him to England, wait, as a distant spectator, the success of her brother's undertaking, or the



ruin of all his hopes and fortunes? — Or, on the other hand, to engage himself, with no other aid than his single arm, in the dangerous and precipitate counsels of the Chieftain, — to be whirled along by him, the partaker of all his desperate and impetuous motions, renouncing almost the power of judging, or deciding upon the rectitude or prudence of his actions, — this was no pleasing prospect for the secret pride of Waverley to stoop to. And yet what other conclusion remained, saving the rejection of his addresses by Flora, an alternative not to be thought of, in the present high-wrought state of his feelings, with any thing short of mental agony. Pondering the doubtful and dangerous prospect before him, he at length arrived near the cascade, where, as Fergus had augured, he found Flora seated.

She was quite alone, and as soon as she observed his approach, she rose and came to meet him. Edward attempted to say something within the verge of ordinary compliment and conversation, but found himself unequal to the task. Flora seemed at first equally embarrassed, but recovered herself more speedily, and (an unfavourable augury for Waverley's suit) was the first to enter upon the subject of their last interview. «It is too important, in every point



of view, Mr Waverley, to permit me to leave you in doubt upon my sentiments."

"Do not speak them speedily, unless they are such as I fear, from your manner, I must not dare to anticipate. Let time — let my future conduct — let your brother's influence"—

"Forgive me, Mr Waverley. I should incur my own heavy censure, did I delay expressing my sincere conviction that I can never regard you otherwise than as a valued friend. I should do you the highest injustice did I conceal my sentiments for a moment — I see I distress you, and I grieve for it, but better now than later; and O better a thousand times, Mr Waverley, that you should feel a present momentary disappointment, than the long and heart-sickening griefs which attend a rash and ill-assorted marriage!"

"Good God! But why should you anticipate such consequences from a union, where birth is equal, where fortune is favourable, where, if I may venture to say so, the tastes are similar, where you allege no preference, where you even express a favourable opinion of him whom you reject?"

"Mr Waverley, I *have* that favourable opinion, and so strongly, that though I would rather have been silent upon the grounds of my



resolution, you shall command them, if you exact such a mark of my esteem and confidence."

She sat down upon the fragment of a rock, and Waverley, placing himself near her, anxiously pressed for the explanation she offered.

"I dare hardly," she said, "tell you the situation of my feelings, they are so different from those usually ascribed to young women at my period of life; and I dare hardly touch upon what I think the nature of yours, lest I should give offence where I would willingly administer consolation. For myself, from my infancy till this day, I have had but one wish — the restoration of my royal benefactors to their rightful throne. It is impossible to express to you the devotion of my feelings to this single subject; and I will frankly confess, that it has so occupied my mind as to exclude every thought respecting what is called my own settlement in life. Let me but live to see the day of that happy restoration, and a Highland cottage, a French convent, or an English palace, will be alike indifferent to me."

"But, dearest Flora, how is your enthusiastic zeal for the exiled family inconsistent with my happiness?"

"Because you seek, or ought to seek, in the object of your attachment, a heart whose principal delight should be in augmenting your do-



mestic felicity, and returning your affection, even to the height of romance. To a man of less keen sensibility, and less enthusiastic tenderness of disposition, Flora Mac-Ivor might give content, if not happiness; for, were the irrevocable words spoken, never would she be deficient in the duties which she vowed."

"And why, — why, Miss Mac-Ivor, should you think yourself a more valuable treasure to one who is less capable of loving, of admiring you, than to me?"

"Simply because the tone of our affections would be more in unison, and because his more blunted sensibility would not require the return of enthusiasm which I have not to bestow. But you, Mr Waverley, would for ever refer to the idea of domestic happiness which your imagination is capable of painting, and whatever fell short of that ideal representation would be construed into coolness and indifference, while you might consider the enthusiasm with which I regarded the success of the royal family, as defrauding your affection of its due return."

"In other words, Miss Mac-Ivor, you cannot love me?"

"I could esteem you, Mr Waverley, as much, perhaps more, than any man I have ever seen; but I cannot love you as you ought to be loved. O! do not, for your own sake, desire so ha-



zardous an experiment. The woman whom you marry ought to have affections and opinions moulded upon yours. Her studies ought to be your studies; — her wishes, her feelings, her hopes, her fears, should all mingle with yours. She should enhance your pleasures, share your sorrows, and cheer your melancholy.”

“And why will not you, Miss Mac-Ivor, who can so well describe a happy union, why will not you be yourself the person you describe?”

“Is it possible you do not yet comprehend me? Have I not told you, that every keener sensation of my mind is bent exclusively towards an event, upon which indeed I have no power but those of my earnest prayers?”

“And might not the granting the suit I solicit, even advance the interest to which you have devoted yourself? My family is wealthy and powerful, inclined in principles to the Stuart race, and should a favourable opportunity” —

“A favourable opportunity! — Inclined in principles! — Can such lukewarm adherence be honourable to yourselves, or gratifying to your lawful sovereign? — Think, from my present feelings, what I should suffer when I held the place of member in a family where the rights which I hold most sacred are subjected to cold discussion, and only deemed



worthy of support when they shall appear on the point of triumphing without it!"

"Your doubts," quickly replied Waverley, are unjust so far as concerns myself. The cause that I shall assert, I dare support through every danger, as undauntedly as the boldest who draws sword in it."

"Of that," answered Flora, "I cannot doubt for a moment. But consult your own good sense and reason rather than a prepossession hastily adopted, probably only because you have met a young woman possessed of the usual accomplishments, in a sequestered and romantic situation. Let your part in this great and perilous drama rest upon conviction, and not upon a hurried, and probably a temporary feeling."

Waverley attempted to reply, but his words failed him. Every sentiment that Flora had uttered vindicated the strength of his attachment; for even her loyalty, although wildly enthusiastic, was generous and noble, and disdained to avail itself of any indirect means of supporting the cause to which she was devoted.

After walking a little way in silence down the path, Flora thus resumed the conversation. — "One word more, Mr Waverley, ere we bid farewell to this topic for ever; and forgive my boldness if that word have the air of advice. My brother Fergus is anxious that you should



join him in his present enterprise. But do not consent to this; — you could not, by your single exertions, further his success, and you would inevitably share his fall, if it be God's pleasure that fall he must. Your character would also suffer irretrievably. Let me beg you will return to your own country; and, having publicly freed yourself from every tie to the usurping government, I trust you will see cause, and find opportunity, to serve your injured sovereign with effect, and stand forth, as your loyal ancestors, at the head of your natural followers and adherents, a worthy representative of the house of Waverley."

"And should I be so happy as thus to distinguish myself, might I not hope" —

"Forgive my interruption. The present time only is ours, and I can but explain to you with candour the feelings which I now entertain; how they might be altered by a train of events too favourable perhaps to be hoped for, it were in vain even to conjecture: Only be assured, Mr Waverley, that, after my brother's honour and happiness, there is none which I shall more sincerely pray for than for yours."

With these words she parted from him, for they were now arrived where two paths separated. Waverley reached the castle amidst a medley of conflicting passions. He avoided any



private interview with Fergus, as he did not find himself able either to encounter his raillery, or reply to his solicitations. The wild revelry of the feast, for Mac-Ivor kept open table for his clan, served in some degree to stun reflection. When their festivity was ended, he began to consider how he should again meet Miss Mac-Ivor after the painful and interesting explanation of the morning. But Flora did not appear. Fergus, whose eyes flashed when he was told by Cathleen that her mistress designed to keep her apartment that evening, went himself in quest of her; but apparently his remonstrances were in vain, for he returned with a heightened complexion, and manifest symptoms of displeasure. The rest of the evening passed on without any allusion, on the part either of Fergus or Waverley, to the subject which engrossed the reflections of the latter, and perhaps of both.

When retired to his own apartment, Edward endeavoured to sum the business of the day. That the repulse he had received from Flora would be persisted in for the present, there was no doubt. But could he hope for ultimate success in case circumstances permitted the renewal of his suit? Would the enthusiastic loyalty, which at this animating moment left no room for a softer passion, survive, at least



in its engrossing force, the success or the failure of the present political machinations? And if so, could he hope that the interest which she had acknowledged him to possess in her favour, might be improved into a warmer attachment? He taxed his memory to recall every word she had used, with the appropriate looks and gestures which had enforced them, and ended by finding himself in the same state of uncertainty. It was very late before sleep brought relief to the tumult of his mind, after the most painful and agitating day which he had ever passed.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.*A Letter from Tully-Veolan.*

IN the morning, when Waverley's troubled reflections had for some time given way to repose, there came music to his dreams, but not the voice of Selma. He imagined himself transported back to Tully-Veolan, and that he heard Davie Gellatley singing in the court those matins which used generally to be the first sounds that disturbed his repose while a guest of the Baron of Bradwardine. The notes which suggested this vision continued and waxed louder, until Edward awaked in earnest. The illusion, however, did not seem entirely dispelled. The apartment was in the fortress of Ian nan Chais-tel, but it was still the voice of Davie Gellatley

that made the following lines resound under the window: —

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the
deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Curious to know what could have determined Mr Gellatley on an excursion of such unwonted extent, Edward began to dress himself in all haste, during which operation the minstrelsy of Davie changed its tune more than once, —

There's nought in the Highlands but syboes
and leeks,
And lang-leggit callants gaun wanting the
breeks;
Wanting the breeks, and without hose and
shoon,
But we'll a' win the breeks when King Jamie
comes hame.

By the time Waverley was dressed and had issued forth, David had associated himself with two or three of the numerous Highland loung-

ers who always graced the gates of the castle with their presence, and was capering and dancing full merrily in the doubles and full career of a Scotch foursome reel, to the music of his own whistling. In this double capacity of dancer and musician, he continued until an idle piper, who observed his zeal, obeyed the unanimous call of *Seid suas*, (*i. e.* blow up) and relieved him from the latter part of his trouble. Young and old then mingled in the dance as they could find partners. The appearance of Waverley did not interrupt David's exercise, though he contrived, by grinning, nodding, and throwing one or two inclinations of the body into the graces with which he performed the Highland fling, to convey to our hero symptoms of recognition. Then, while busily employed in setting, whooping all the while and snapping his fingers over his head, he of a sudden prolonged his side-step until it brought him to the place where Edward was standing, and, still keeping time to the music like Harlequin in a pantomime, he thrust a letter into our hero's hand, and continued his saltation without pause or intermission. Edward, who perceived that the address was in Rose's hand-writing, retired to peruse it, leaving the faithful bearer to continue his exercise until the piper or he should be tired out.

The contents of the letter greatly surprised him. It had originally commenced with, *Dear Sir*; but these words had been carefully erased, and the monosyllable, *Sir*, substituted in their place. The rest of the contents shall be given in Rose's own language.

“I fear I am using an improper freedom by intruding upon you, yet I cannot trust to any one else to let you know some things which have happened here, with which it seems necessary you should be acquainted. Forgive me, if I am wrong in what I am doing; for, alas! Mr Waverley, I have no better advice than that of my own feelings; — my dear father is gone from this place, and when he can return to my assistance and protection, God alone knows. You have probably heard, that in consequence of some troublesome news from the Highlands, warrants were sent out for apprehending several gentlemen in these parts, and, among others, my dear father. In spite of all my tears and entreaties that he would surrender himself to the government, he joined with Mr Falconer and some other gentlemen, and they have all gone northwards, with a body of about forty horsemen. So I am not so much anxious concerning his immediate safety, as about what may follow afterwards, for these troubles are

only beginning. But all this is nothing to you, Mr Waverley, only I thought you would be glad to learn that my father had escaped, in case you happen to have heard that he was in danger.

«But the day after my father went off, there came a party of soldiers to Tully-Veolan, and behaved very rudely to Baillie Macwheeble; but the officer was very civil to me, only said his duty obliged him to search for arms and papers. My father had provided against this by taking away all the arms except the old useless things which hung in the hall, and he had put all his papers out of the way. But O! Mr Waverley, how shall I tell you that they made strict enquiry after you, and asked when you had been at Tully-Veolan, and where you now were. The officer is gone back with his party, but a non-commissioned officer and four men remain as a sort of garrison in the house. They have hitherto behaved very well, as we are forced to keep them in good humour. But these soldiers have hinted as if upon your falling into their hands you would be in great danger; I cannot prevail on myself to write what wicked falsehoods they said, for I am sure they are falsehoods; but you will best judge what you ought to do. The party that returned carried

off your servant prisoner, with your two horses, and every thing that you left at Tully-Veolan I hope God will protect you, and that you will get safe home to England, where you used to tell me there was no military violence nor fighting among clans permitted, but every thing was done according to an equal law that protected all who were harmless and innocent. I hope you will exert your indulgence as to my boldness in writing to you, where it seems to me, though perhaps erroneously, that your safety and honour are concerned. I am sure — at least I think, my father would approve of my writing; for Mr Rubric is fled to his cousin's at the Duchran, to be out of danger from the soldiers and the whigs, and Baillie Mac-wheelble does not like to meddle (he says) in other men's concerns, though I hope what may serve my father's friend at such a time as this, cannot be termed improper interference. Farewell, Captain Waverley! I shall probably never see you more; for it would be very improper to wish you to call at Tully-Veolan just now, even if these men were gone; but I will always remember with gratitude your kindness in assisting so poor a scholar as myself, and your attentions to my dear, dear father. I remain your obliged servant, Rose Comyne Bradwardine.

“P. S. — I hope you will send me a line by David Gellatley, just to say you have received this, and will take care of yourself; and forgive me if I entreat you, for your own sake, to join none of these unhappy cabals, but escape, as fast as possible, to your own fortunate country. My compliments to my dear Flora and to Glennaquoich. Is she not as handsome and accomplished as I described her?”

Thus concluded the letter of Rose Bradwardine, the contents of which both surprised and affected Waverley. That the Baron should fall under the suspicion of government in consequence of the present stir among the partizans of the house of Stuart, seemed only the natural consequence of his political predilections; but how *he* should have been involved in such suspicions, conscious that until yesterday he had been free from harbouring a thought against the prosperity of the reigning family, seemed inexplicable. Both at Tully-Veolan and Glennaquoich his hosts had respected his engagements with the immediate government, and though enough passed by accidental inuendo that might induce him to reckon the Baron and the Chief among those disaffected gentlemen who were still numerous in Scotland, yet until his own connection with the army had been broken off by the resumption of his commission, he had

no reason to suppose that they nourished any immediate or hostile attempts against the present establishment. Still he was aware that unless he meant at once to embrace the proposal of Fergus Mac Ivor, it would deeply concern him to leave this suspicious neighbourhood without delay, and repair where his conduct might undergo a satisfactory examination. Upon this he the rather determined, as Flora's advice favoured his doing so, and because he felt inexpressible repugnance at the idea of being accessory to the plague of civil war. Whatever, were the original rights of the Stuarts, calm reflection told him, that, omitting the question how far James the Second could forfeit those of his posterity, he had, according to the united voice of the whole nation, justly forfeited his own. Since that period, four monarchs had reigned in peace and glory over Britain, sustaining and exalting the character of the nation abroad, and its liberties at home. Reason asked, was it worth while to disturb a government so long settled and established, and to plunge a kingdom into all the miseries of civil war, to replace upon the throne the descendants of a monarch by whom it had been wilfully forfeited? If, on the other hand, his own final conviction of the goodness of their cause, or the commands of his father or uncle, should re-

commend to him allegiance to the Stuarts, still it was necessary to clear his own character by shewing that he had taken no step to this purpose, as seemed to be falsely insinuated, during his holding the commission of the reigning monarch.

The affectionate simplicity of Rose, and her anxiety for his safety, — his sense too of her unprotected state, and of the terror and actual dangers to which she might be exposed, made an impression upon his mind, and he instantly wrote to thank her in the kindest terms for her anxiety on his account, to express his earnest good wishes for her welfare and that of her father, and to assure her of his own safety. The feelings which this task excited were speedily lost in the necessity which he now saw of bidding farewell to Flora Mac-Ivor, perhaps for ever. The pang attending this reflection was inexpressible; for her high-minded elevation of character, her self-devotion to the cause which she had embraced, united to her scrupulous rectitude as to the means of serving it, had vindicated to his judgment the choice adopted by his passions. But time pressed, calumny was busy with his fame, and every hour's delay increased the power to injure it. His departure must be instant.

With this determination he sought out Fergus,

and communicated to him the contents of Rose's letter, with his own resolution instantly to go to Edinburgh, and, seeking out some one or other of those persons of influence to whom he had letters from his father, to put into their hands his exculpation from any charge which might be preferred against him.

"You run your head into the lion's mouth," answered Mac Ivor. "You do not know the severity of a government harassed by just apprehensions, and a consciousness of their own illegality and insecurity. I shall have to deliver you from some dungeon in Stirling or Edinburgh Castle."

"My innocence, my rank, my father's intimacy with Lord M —, General G —, etc., will be a sufficient protection."

"You will find the contrary; these gentlemen will have enough to do about their own matters. Once more, will you take the plaid, and stay a little while with me among the mists and the crows, in the bravest cause ever sword was drawn in?"

"For many reasons, my dear Fergus, you must hold me excused."

"Well then, I shall certainly find you exerting your poetical talents in elegies upon a pri-

son, or your antiquarian researches in detecting the Oggam character, or some Punic hieroglyphic upon the key-stones of a vault, curiously arched. Or what say you to *un petit pendement bien joli*, against which awkward ceremony I don't warrant you, should you meet a body of the armed west-country whigs?"

"And why should they use me so?"

"Eor a hundred good reasons: First, you are an Englishman; secondly, a gentleman; thirdly, a prelatist abjured; and, fourthly, they have not had an opportunity to exercise their talents on such a subject this long while. But don't be cast down, beloved: all will be done in the fear of the Lord."

"Well, I must run my hazard."

"You are determined then?"

"I am."

"Wilful will do't; — but you cannot go on foot, and I shall want no horse, as I must march on foot at the head of the children of Ivor: you shall have brown Dermid."

"If you will sell him, I shall certainly be much obliged."

"If your proud English heart cannot be obliged by a gift or loan, I will not refuse mon."

ey at the entrance of a campaign: his price is twenty guineas (Remember, reader, it was Sixty Years since.) And when do you propose to depart?"

"The sooner the better."

"You are right, since go you must, or rather, since go you will. I will take Flora's pony, and ride with you as far as Bally-Braugh. — Callum Beg, see that our horses are ready, with a poney for yourself, to attend and carry Mr Waverley's baggage as far as — (naming a small town,) where he can have a horse and guide to Edinburgh. Put on a Lowland dress, Callum, and see you keep your tongue close, if you would not have me cut it out: Mr Waverley rides Dermid." Then turning to Edward, "You will take leave of my sister?"

"Surely — that is, if Miss-Mac-Ivor will honour me so far."

"Cathleen, let my sister know Mr Waverley wishes to bid her farewell before he leaves us. — But Rose Bradwardine, her situation must be thought of — I wish she were here — And why should she not? — There are but four red coats at Tully Veolan, and their muskets would be very useful to us."

To these broken remarks Edward made no

answer; his ear indeed received them, but his soul was intent upon the expected entrance of Flora. The door opened — It was but Cathleen, with her lady's excuse, and wishes for Captain Waverley's health and happiness.

CHAPTER XXIX.

*Waverley's Reception in the Lowlands after his
Highland Tour.*

It was noon when the two friends stood at the top of the pass of Bally Brough. „I must go no farther,” said Fergus Mac-Ivor, who during this journey had in vain endeavoured to raise his friend's spirits. „If my cross-grained sister has any share in your dejection, trust me she thinks highly of you, though her present anxiety about the public cause prevents her listening to any other subject. Confide your interest to me; I will not betray it, providing you do not again assume that vile cockade.”

„No fear of that, considering the manner in which it has been recalled. Adieu, Fergus; do not permit your sister to forget me.”

„And adieu, Waverley; you may soon hear of her with a prouder title. Get home, write letters, and make friends as many and as fast as you can; there will speedily be unexpected guests on the coast of Suffolk, or my news from France has deceived me.“

Thus parted the friends; Fergus returning back to his castle, while Edward, followed by Callum Beg, the latter transformed from point to point into a Lowcountry groom, proceeded to the little town of—.

Edward paced on under the painful and yet not altogether embittered feelings which separation and uncertainty produce in the mind of a youthful lover. I am not sure if the ladies understand the full value of the influence of absence, nor do I think it wise to teach it them, lest, like the Clelias and Mandanes of yore, they should resume the humour of sending their lovers, to banishment. Distance, in truth, produces in idea the same effect as in real perspective. Objects are softened, and rounded, and rendered doubly graceful; the harsher and more ordinary points of character are melted down, and those by which it is remembered are the more striking outlines that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. There are mists too in the mental, as well as the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in

distant objects, and there are happy lights, to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.

Waverley forgot Flora Mac-Ivor's prejudices in her magnanimity, and almost pardoned her indifference towards his affection, when he recollected the grand and decisive object which seemed to fill her whole soul. She, whose sense of duty so wholly engrossed her in the cause of a benefactor, what would be her feelings in favour of the happy individual who should be so fortunate as to awaken them? Then came the doubtful question, whether he might not be that happy man, — a question which fancy endeavoured to answer in the affirmative, by conjuring up all she had said in his praise, with the addition of a comment much more flattering than the text warranted. All that was commonplace, all that belonged to the everyday world, was melted away and obliterated in those dreams of imagination, which only remembered with advantage the points of grace and dignity that distinguished Flora from the generality of her sex, not the particulars which she held in common with them. Edward was, in short, in the fair way of creating a goddess out of a high-spirited, accomplished, and beautiful young woman; and the time was wasted in castle-building, until, at the descent of a

steep hill, he saw beneath him the market-town of —.

The Highland politeness of Callum Beg — there are few nations, by the way, that can boast of so much natural politeness as the Highlanders — the Highland civility of his attendant had not permitted him to disturb the reveries of our hero. But, observing him rouse himself at the sight of the village, Callum pressed closer to his side, and hoped „when they cam to the publik, his honour wad not say nothing about Vich Ian Vohr, for ta people were bitter whigs, de'il burst tem.“

Waverley assured the prudent page that he would be cautious; and as he now distinguished, not indeed the ringing of bells, but the tinkling of something like a hammer against the side of an old mossy, green, inverted porridge pot, that hung in an open booth, of the size and shape of a parrot's cage, erected to grace the east end of a building resembling an old barn, he asked Callum Beg if it were Sunday.

„Could na say just preceesely — Sunday seldom cam aboon the pass of Bally-Brough.“

On entering the town, however, and advancing toward the most apparent publichouse which presented itself, the numbers of old women, in tartan screens and red cloaks, who streamed from the barn-resembling building,

debating, as they went, the comparative merits of the blessed youth Jabesh Rentowel, and that chosen vessel Maister Goukthrapple, induced Callum to assure his temporary master, „that it was either ta muckle Sunday hersel, or ta little government Sunday that they ca'd ta fast.“

Upon alighting at the sign of the Seven-branched Golden Candlestick, which, for the further delectation of the guests, was graced with a short Hebrew motto, they were received by mine host, a tall thin puritanical figure, who seemed to debate with himself whether he ought to give shelter to those who travelled on such a day. Reflecting, however, in all probability, that he possessed the power of mulcting them for this irregularity, a penalty which they might escape by passing into Gregor Duncan's, at the sign of the Highlander and the Hawick Gill, Mr Ebenezer Cruickshanks condescended to admit them into his dwelling.

To this sanctified person Waverley addressed his request, that he would procure him a guide, with a saddle-horse, to carry his portmanteau to Edinburgh.

„And whar may ye be coming from?“ demanded mine host of the Candlestick.

„I have told you where I wish to go: I do not conceive any further information necessary either for the guide or his saddle-horse.“

„Hem! Athem!“ returned he of the Candlestick, somewhat disconcerted at this rebuff. „It's the general fast, sir, and I cannot enter into ony carnal transactions on sic a day, when the people should be humbled, and the backsliders should return, as worthy Mr Goukthrapple said; and moreover, when, as the precious Mr Jabesh Rentowel did weel observe, the land was mourning for covenants burnt, broken, and buried.“

„My good friend, if you cannot let me have a horse and a guide, my servant shall seek them elsewhere.“

„Aweel! Your servant? — and what for gangs he not forward wi' you himsel?“

Waverley had but very little of a captain of horse's spirit within him — I mean of that sort of spirit which I have been obliged to when I happened, in a mail-coach, or diligence, to meet some military man who has kindly taken upon him the disciplining of the waiters, and the taxing of reckonings. Some of this useful talent our hero had, however, acquired during his military service, and on this gross provocation it began seriously to arise. „Look ye, sir; I came here for my own accommodation, and not to answer impertinent questions. Either say you can, or cannot, get me what I want; I shall pursue my course in either case.“

Mr Ebenezer Cruickshanks left the room with some indistinct muttering; but whether negative or acquiescent, Edward could not well distinguish. The hostess, a civil, quiet, laborious drudge, came to take his orders for dinner, but declined to make answer upon the subject of the horse and guide; for the Salique law, it seems, extended to the stables of the Golden Candlestick.

From a window which overlooked the dark and narrow court in which Callum Beg dressed the horses after their journey, Waverley heard the following dialogue betwixt the subtle footpage of Vich Ian Vohr and his landlord.

„Ye'll be frae the north, young man?“ began the latter.

„And ye may say that,“ answered Callum.

„And ye'll hae ridden a lang way the day, it may weel be?“

„Sae lang, that I could weel tak a dram.“

„Gudewife, bring the gill stoup.“

Here some compliments passed fitting the occasion, when my host of the Golden Candlestick, having, as he thought, opened his guest's heart by this hospitable propitiation, resumed his scrutiny.

„Ye'll no hae mickle better whisky than that aboon the Pass?“

„I am nae frae aboon the Pass.“

“Ye’re a Highlandman by your tongue?”

“Na; I am but just Aberdeen-a-way.”

“And did your master come frae Aberdeen wi’ you?”

“Aye — that’s when I left it mysel,” answered the cool and impenetrable Callum Beg.

“And what kind of a gentleman is he?”

“I believe he is ane o’ King George’s state officers; at least he’s aye for ganging on to the south, and he has a hantle siller, and never grudges ony thing till a poor body, or in the way of a lawing.”

“He wants a guide and a horse frae hence to Edinburgh?”

“Aye, and ye maun find it him forthwith.”

“Ahem! It will be chargeable.”

“He cares na for that a boddle.”

“Aweel, Duncan — did ye say your name was Duncan, or Donald?”

“Na, man — Jamie — Jamie Steenson — I telt ye before.”

This last undaunted parry altogether foiled Mr Cruickshanks, who, though not quite satisfied either with the reserve of the master, or the extreme readiness of the man, was contented to lay a tax upon the reckoning and horsehire, that might compound for his ungratified curiosity. The circumstance of its being the fast-day was not forgotten in the charge, which,

upon the whole, did not, however, amount to much more than double what in fairness it should have been.

Callum Beg soon after announced in person the ratification of this treaty, adding, "Ta auld deevil was ganging to ride wi' the Duinhé-wassal hersel."

"That will not be very pleasant, Callum, nor altogether safe, for our host seems a person of great curiosity; but a traveller must submit to these inconveniences. Meanwhile, my good lad, here is a trifle for you to drink Vich Ian Vohr's health."

The hawk's eye of Callum flashed delight upon a golden guinea, with which these last words were accompanied. He hastened, not without a curse upon the intricacies of a Saxon breeches-pocket, or *spleuchan*, as he called it, to deposit the treasure in his fob; and then, as if he conceived the benevolence called for some requital on his part, he gathered close up to Edward, with an expression of countenance peculiarly knowing, and spoke in an under tone, "If his honour thought ta auld deevil whig carle was a bit dangerous, she could easily provide for him, and teil ane ta wiser."

"How, and in what manner?"

"Her ain sell," replied Callum, "could wait

for him a wee bit fra the toun, and kittle his quarters wi' her *skene occle*."

"Skene-occle! what's that?"

Callum unbuttoned his coat, raised his left arm, and, with an emphatic nod, pointed to the hilt of a small dirk, snugly deposited under it, in the lining of his jacket. Waverley thought he had misunderstood his meaning; he gazed in his face, and discovered in Callum's very handsome, though embrowned features, just the degree of roguish malice with which a lad of the same age in England would have brought forward a plan for robbing an orchard.

"Good God, Callum, would you take the man's life?"

"Indeed," answered the young desperado, "and I think he has had just a langenough lease o't, when he's for betraying honest folk, that come to spend siller at his public."

Edward saw nothing was to be gained by argument, and therefore contented himself with enjoining Callum to lay aside all practices against the person of Mr Ebenezer Cruickshanks; in which injunction the page seemed to acquiesce with an air of great indifference.

"Ta Duinhé wassal might please himself; ta auld rudas loon had never done Callum nae

ill. But here's a bit line frae ta Tighearnach, tat he bade me gie your honour ere I came back."

The letter from the Chief contained Flora's lines on the fate of Captain Wogan, whose enterprising character is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I.; and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencairn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles II., who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London, and traversed the kingdom, which had been so long under domination of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career.

There were obvious reasons why the politic Chieftain was desirous to place the example of this young hero under the eye of Waverley,

with whose romantic disposition it coincided so peculiarly. But his letter turned chiefly upon some trifling commissions which Waverley had promised to execute for him in England, and it was only toward the conclusion that Edward found these words; — "I owe Flora a grudge for refusing us her company yesterday; and as I am giving you the trouble of reading these lines, in order to keep in your memory your promise to procure me the fishing-tackle and cross-bow from London, I will inclose her verses on the Grave of Wogan. This I know will ~~teaze~~ ^{teaze} her; for, to tell you the truth, I think her more in love with the memory of that dead hero, than she is likely to be with any living one, unless he shall tread a similar path. But English squires of our day keep their oak trees to shelter their deer parks, or repair the lossess of an evening at White's, and neither invoke them to wreath their brows, or shelter their graves. Let me hope for one brilliant exception in a dear friend, to whom I would gladly give a dearer title."

The verses were inscribed,

TO AN OAK TREE.

*In the Church-Yard of —, in the Highlands of
Scotland, said to mark the Grave of Captain
Wogan, killed in 1649.*

Emblem of England's ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb!
Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honour'd sod to bloom,
The flowerets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
Before the winter storm decay —
And can their worth be type of thine?

No! for, 'mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,
And, while Despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.] }

'Twas then thou sought's on Albyn's hill,
 (When England's sons the strife resign'd)
 A rugged race resisting still,
 And unsubdued though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
 No holy knell thy requiem rung;
 Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
 Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine
 To waste life's longest term away,
 Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
 Though darken'd ere its noontide day?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
 Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom!
 Rome bound with oak her patriot's brows,
 As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.

Whatever might be the real merit of Flora Mac-Ivor's poetry, the enthusiasm which it imitated was well calculated to make a corresponding impression upon her lover. The lines were read — read again — then deposited in Waverley's bosom — then again drawn out,

and read line by line, in a low and smothered voice, and with frequent pauses which prolonged the mental treat, as an epicure protracts, by sipping slowly, the enjoyment of a delicious beverage. The entrance of Mrs Cruickshanks, with the sublunary articles of dinner and wine, hardly interrupted this pantomime of affectionate enthusiasm.

At length the tall ungainly figure and ungracious visage of Ebenezer presented themselves. The upper part of his form, notwithstanding the season required no such defence, was shrouded in a large great-coat, belted over his under habiliments, and crested with a huge cowl of the same stuff, which, when drawn over the head and hat, completely overshadowed both, and being buttoned beneath the chin, was called a *trot-cozy*. His hand grasped a huge jockey-whip, garnished with brass mounting. His thin legs tenanted a pair of gambadoes, fastened at the sides with rusty clasps. Thus accoutred, he stalked into the midst of the apartment, and announced his errand in brief phrase: — “Ye’re horses are ready.”

“You go with me yourself then, landlord?”

“I do, as far as Perth; where ye may be supplied with a guide to Embro’, as your occasions shall require.”

Thus saying, he placed under Waverley's eye the bill which he held in his hand; and at the same time, self-invited, filled a glass of wine, and drank devoutly to a blessing on their journey. Waverley stared at the man's impudence, but, as their connection was to be short, and promised to be convenient, he made no observation upon it; and, having paid his reckoning, expressed his intention to depart immediately. He mounted Dermid accordingly, and sallied forth from the Golden Candlestick, followed by the puritanical figure we have described, after he had, at the expence of some time and difficulty, and by the assistance of a "louping-on-stane," or structure of masonry erected for the traveller's convenience in front of the house, elevated his person to the back of a long-backed, rawboned, thin-gutted phantom of a broken-down blood-horse, on which Waverley's portmanteau was deposited. Our hero though not in a very gay humour, could hardly help laughing at the appearance of his new squire, and at imagining the astonishment which his person and equipage would have excited at Waverley-Honour.

Edward's tendency to mirth did not escape mine host of the Candlestick, who, conscious of the cause, infused a double portion of souring into the pharisaical leaven of his counte-

nance, and resolved internally that, in one way or other, the young *Englischer* should pay dearly for the contempt with which he seemed to regard him. Callum also stood at the gate, and enjoyed, with undissembled glee, the ridiculous figure of Mr Cruickshanks. As Waverley passed him, he pulled off his hat respectfully, and, approaching his stirrup, bade him „Tak heed the auld whig deevil played him nae cantrip.”

Waverley once more thanked, and bade him farewell, and then rode briskly onward, not sorry to be out of hearing of the shouts of the children, as they beheld old Ebenezer rise and sink in his stirrups, to avoid the concussions occasioned by a hard trot upon a half-paved street. The village of — was soon several miles behind him.

CHAPTER XXX.

*Shows that the Loss of a Horse's Shoe may be
a serious Inconvenience.*

THE manner and air of Waverley, but, above all, the glittering contents of his purse, and the indifference with which he seemed to regard them, somewhat overawed his companion, and deterred him from making any attempts to enter upon conversation. His own reflections were moreover agitated by various surmises, and by plans of self-interest, with which these were intimately connected. The travellers journeyed, therefore, in silence, until it was interrupted by the annunciation, on the part of the guide, that his «naig had lost a fore-foot

shoe, which, doubtless, his honour would consider it was his part to replace."

This was what lawyers call a *fishing question*, calculated to ascertain how far Waverley was disposed to submit to petty imposition. "My part to replace your horse's shoe, you rascal!" said Waverley, mistaking the purport of the intimation.

"Indubitably," answered Mr Cruickshanks; "though there was no precise clause to that effect, it canna be expected that I am to pay for the casualties whilk may befall the puir naig while in your honour's service, — Nathless, if your honour "

"O, you mean I am to pay the farrier; but where shall we find one?"

Rejoiced at discerning there would be no objection made on the part of his temporary master, Mr Cruickshanks assured him that Cairnvreckan, a village which they were about to enter, was happy in an excellent blacksmith; "but as he was a profesor, he would drive a nail for no man on the Sabbath, or kirk-fast, unless it were in a case of absolute necessity, for which he always charged sixpence each shoe." The most important part of this communication, in the opinion of the speaker, made a very slight impression on the hearer, who

only internally wondered what college this veterinary professor belonged to; not aware that the word was used to denote any person who pretended to uncommon sanctity of faith and manner.

As they entered the village of Cairnvreckan, they speedily distinguished the smith's house. Being also a *public*, it was two stories high, and proudly reared its crest, covered with grey slate, above the thatched hovels by which it was surrounded. The adjoining smithy betokened none of the Sabbatical silence and repose which Ebenezer had augured from the sanctity of his friend. On the contrary, hammer clashed and anvil rang, the bellows groaned, and the whole apparatus of Vulcan appeared to be in full activity. Nor was the labour of a rural and pacific nature. The master smith, benempt, as his sign intimated, John Mucklewrath, with two assistants, toiled busily in arranging, repairing, and furbishing old muskets, pistols, and swords, which lay scattered around his work-shop in military confusion. The open shed, containing the forge, was crowded with persons who came and went as if receiving and communicating important news; and a single glance at the aspect of the people who traversed the street in haste, or stood assembled in groups, with eyes elevated, and hands uplifted, an-

nounced that some extraordinary intelligence was agitating the public mind of the municipality of Cairnvreckan. "There is some news," said mine host of the Candlestick, pushing his lanthornjawed visage and bare-boned nag rudely forward into the crowd — "there is some news, and if it please my Creator, I will forthwith obtain speerings thereof."

Waverley, with better regulated curiosity than his attendant, dismounted and gave his horse to a boy who stood idling near. It arose, perhaps, from the shyness of his character in early youth, that he felt dislike at applying to a stranger even for casual information, without previously glancing at his physiognomy and appearance. While he looked about in order to select the person with whom he would most willingly hold communication, the buzz around saved him in some degree the trouble of interrogatories. The names of Lochiel, Clanronald, Glengary, and other distinguished Highland Chiefs, among whom Vich Ian Vohr was repeatedly mentioned, were as familiar in men's mouths as household words; and from the alarm generally expressed, he easily conceived that their descent into the Lowlands, at the head of their armed tribes, had either already taken place, or was instantly apprehended.

Ere Waverley could ask particulars, a strong large-boned, hard-featured woman, about forty, dressed as if her clothes had been flung on with a pitchfork, her cheeks flushed with a scarlet red where they were not smutted with soot and lamp-black, jostled through the crowd, and, brandishing high a child of two years old, which she danced in her arms, without regard to its screams of terror, sang forth, with all her might, —

“Charlie is my darling, my darling, my
darling,

Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.”

“D’ye hear what’s come ower ye now, ye
whingeing whig carles? D’ye hear wha’s coming
to cow yere cracks?

“Little wot ye wha’s coming,
Little wot ye wha’s coming,
A’ the wild Macraus are coming.”

The Vulcan of Cairnvreckan, who acknowledged his Venus in this exulting Bacchanal, regarded her with a grim and ire-foreboding countenance, while some of the senators of the village hastened to interpose. “Whisht,

gudewife; is this a time, or is this a day, to be singing your rantin fule sangs in? — a time when the wine of wrath is poured out without mixture in the cup of indignation, and a day when the land should give testimony against popery and prelacy, and quakerism, and independency, and supremacy, and erastianism, and antinomianism, and a' the errors of the church."

"And that's a' your whiggery," re-echoed the virago; "that's a' your whiggery, and your presbytery, ye cut-lugged graning carles! What! d'ye think the lads wi' the kilts will care for yere synods and yere presbyteries, and yere buttock-mail, and yere stool o' repentance? Vengeance on the black face o't! mony an honest woman's been set upon it than streaks doon beside ony whig in the country. I misel" —

Here John Mucklewrath, who dreaded her entering upon a detail of personal experiences, interposed his matrimonial authority. "Gae hame, and be d —, (that I should say sae) and put on the sowens for supper."

"And you, ye doil'd dotard," replied his gentle helpmate, her wrath, which had hitherto wandered abroad over the whole assembly, being at once and violently impelled into its

natural channel, „ye stand there hammering dog-heads for fules that will never snap them at a Highlandman, instead of earning bread for your family, and shoeing this winsome young gentleman's horse just come frae the north! I se warrant him nane of your whingeing King George folk, but a gallant Gordon, at the least o' him.“

The eyes of the assembly were now turned upon Waverley, who took the opportunity to beg the smith to shoe his guide's horse with all speed, as he wished to proceed on his journey; — for he had heard enough to make him sensible that there would be danger in delaying long in this place. The smith's eyes rested on him with a look of displeasure and suspicion, not lessened by the eagerness with which his wife enforced Waverley's mandate. „D'ye hear what the weel-favoured young gentleman says, ye drunken ne'er-do-good?“

„And what may your name be, sir?“ quoth Mucklewrath.

„It is of no consequence to you, my friend, provided I pay your labour.“

„But it may be of consequence to the state, sir,“ replied an old farmer, smelling strongly of whisky and peat-smoke; „and I doubt we maun delay your journey till you have seen the laird.“

“You certainly,” said Waverley, haughtily. “will find it both difficult and dangerous to detain me, unless you can produce some proper authority.”

There was a pause and a whisper among the crowd — “Secretary Murray;” “Lord Lewis Gordon;” “May be the Chevalier himsel.” Such were the surmises that passed hurriedly among them, and there was obviously an increasing disposition to resist Waverley’s departure. He attempted to argue mildly with them, but his voluntary ally, Mrs Mucklewrath, broke in upon and drowned his expostulations, taking his part with an abusive violence, which was all set down to Edward’s account by those on whom it was bestowed. “Ye’ll stop ony gentleman that’s the Prince’s freend?” for she too, though with other feelings, had adopted the general opinion respecting Waverley. “I daur ye to touch him,” spreading abroad her long and muscular fingers, garnished with claws which a vulture might have envied. “I’ll set my ten commandments in the face o’ the first loon that lays a finger on him.”

“Gae hame, gudewife,” quoth the farmer aforesaid; “it wad better set you to be nursing the gudeman’s bairns than to be deaving us here.”

“*His bairns?*” retorted the Amazon, regarding her husband with a grin of ineffable contempt — “*His bairns!*”

“O gin ye were dead, gudeman,
And a green turf on your head, gude-
man,

Then I wad ware my widowhood
Upon a ranting Highlandman.”

This canticle, which excited a suppressed titter among the younger part of the audience, totally overcame the patience of the taunted man of the anvil. “De’il be in me but I put this het gad down her throat,” cried he in an ecstasy of wrath, snatching a bar from the forge; and he might have executed his threat, had he not been withheld by a part of the mob, while the rest endeavoured to force the termagant out of his presence.

Waverley meditated a retreat in the confusion, but his horse was nowhere to be seen. At length he observed, at some distance, his faithful attendant, Ebenezer, who, as soon as he had perceived the turn matters were likely to take, had withdrawn both horses from the press, and, mounted on the one, and holding the other, answered the loud and repeated calls of Waverley for his horse, “Na, na! if ye are

nae friend to kirk and the king, and are detained as siccan a person, ye maun answer to honest men of the country for breach of contract; and I maun keep the naig and the walise for damage and expence, in respect my horse and mysel will lose to-morrow's day's-wark, besides the afternoon preaching."

Edward, out of patience, hemmed in and hustled by the rabble on every side, and every moment expecting personal violence, resolved to try measures of intimidation, and at length drew a pocket-pistol, threatening, on the one hand, to shoot whomsoever dared to stop him, and on the other menacing Ebenezer with a similar doom, if he stirred a foot with the horses. The sapient Patridge says, that one man with a pistol is equal to a hundred unarmed, because, though he can shoot but one of the multitude, yet no one knows but that he himself may be that luckless individual. The *levy en masse* of Cairnvreckan would therefore probably have given way, nor would Ebenezer, whose natural paleness had waxed three shades more cadaverous, have ventured to dispute a mandate so enforced, had not the Vulcan of the village, eager to discharge upon some more worthy object the fury which his helpmate had provoked, and not ill satisfied to find such an object in Waverley, rushed

at him with the red-hot bar of iron, with such determination, as made the discharge of his pistol an act of self-defence. The unfortunate man fell; and while Edward, thrilled with a natural horror at the incident, neither had presence of mind to unsheathe his sword, nor to draw his remaining pistol, the populace threw themselves upon him, disarmed him, and were about to use him with great violence, when the appearance of a venerable clergyman, the pastor of the parish, put a curb upon their fury.

This worthy man (none of the Goukthrapples or Rentowels) maintained his character with the common people, although he preached the practical fruits of Christian faith, as well as its abstract tenets, and was respected by the higher orders, notwithstanding he declined soothing their speculative errors by converting the pulpit of the gospel into a school of heathen morality. Perhaps it is owing to this mixture of faith and practice in his doctrine, that, although his memory has formed a sort of era in the annals of Cairnvreckan, so that the parishioners, to denote what befell Sixty Years since, still say it happened "in good Mr Morton's time," I have never been able to discover which he belonged to, the evangelic or the moderate party in the kirk. Nor do I hold

the circumstance of much moment, since, in my own remembrance, the one was headed by an Erskine, the other by a Robertson.

Mr Morton had been alarmed by the discharge of the pistol, and the increasing hubbub around the smithy. His first attention, after he had directed the bystanders to detain Waverley, but to abstain from injuring him, was turned to the body of Mucklewrath, over which his wife, in a revulsion of feeling, was weeping, howling, and tearing her elf locks, in a state little short of distraction. Upon raising up the smith, the first discovery was, that he was alive; and the next, that he was likely to live as long as if he had never heard the report of a pistol in his life. He had made a narrow escape, however; the bullet had grazed his head, and stunned him for a moment or two, which trance, terror and confusion of spirit had prolonged somewhat longer. He now arose to demand vengeance on the person of Waverley, and with difficulty acquiesced in the proposal of Mr Morton, that he should be carried before the laird, as a justice of peace, and placed at his disposal. The rest of the assistants unanimously agreed to the measure recommended; even Mrs Mucklewrath, who had begun to recover from her hysterics, whimpered forth, «She wadna say naething against

what the minister proposed; he was e'en ower gude for his trade, and she hoped to see him wi' a dainty decent bishop's gown on his back; a comelier sight than your Geneva cloaks and bands, I wis."

All controversy being thus laid aside, Waverley, escorted by the whole inhabitants of the village who were not bed-ridden, was conducted to the house of Cairnvreckan, which was about half a mile distant.

CHAPTER XXXI.

An examination.

MAJOR MELVILLE of Cairnvreckan, an elderly gentleman, who had spent his youth in the military service, received Mr Morton with great kindness, and our hero with civility, which the equivocal circumstances wherein Edward was placed rendered constrained and distant.

The nature of the smith's hurt was enquired into, and as the actual injury was likely to prove trifling, and the circumstances in which it was received rendered the infliction, on Edward's part, a natural act of self-defence, the Major conceived he might dismiss that matter,

on Waverley's depositing in his hands a small sum for the benefit of the wounded person.

"I could wish, sir," continued the Major, "that my duty terminated here; but it is necessary that we should have some further enquiry into the cause of your journey through the country at this unfortunate and distracted time."

Mr Ebenezer Cruickshanks now stood forth, and communicated to the magistrate all he knew or suspected, from the reserve of Waverley, and the evasions of Callum Beg. The horse upon which Edward rode, he said, he knew to belong to Vich Ian Vohr, though he dared not tax Edward's former attendant with the fact, lest he should have his house and stables burnt over his head some night by that godless gang, the Mac-Ivors. He concluded by exaggerating his own services to kirk and state, as having been the means, under God, (as he modestly qualified the assertion) of attaching this suspicious and formidable delinquent. He intimated hopes of future reward, and of instant reimbursement for loss of time, and even of character, by travelling in the state business upon the fast-day.

To this Major Melville answered, with great composure, that so far from claiming any merit in this affair, Mr Cruickshanks ought to depre-

cate the imposition of a very heavy fine for neglecting to lodge, in terms of the recent proclamation, an account with the nearest magistrate of any stranger who came to his inn; that as Mr Cruickshanks boasted so much of religion and loyalty, he should not impute this conduct to disaffection, but only suppose that his zeal for kirk and state had been lulled asleep by the opportunity of charging a stranger with double horse-hire; that, however, feeling himself incompetent to decide singly upon the conduct of a person of such importance, he should reserve it for consideration of the next quarter sessions. Now our history for the present saith no more of him of the Candlestick, who wended dolorous and mal-content back to his own dwelling.

Major Melville then commanded the villagers to return to their homes, excepting two, who officiated as constables, and whom he directed to wait below. The apartment was thus cleared of every person but Mr Morton, whom the Major invited to remain; a sort of factor, who acted as clerk; and Waverley himself. There ensued a painful and embarrassed pause, till Major Meville, looking upon Waverley with much compassion, and often consulting a paper or memorandum which he held in his hand,

requested to know his name. — "Edward Waverley."

"I thought so; late of the — dragoons, and nephew of Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour?"

"The same."

"Young gentleman, I am extremely sorry that this painful duty has fallen to my lot."

"Duty, Major Melville, renders apologies superfluous."

"True, sir; permit me, therefore, to ask you, how your time has been disposed of since you obtained leave of absence from your regiment, several weeks ago, until the present moment?"

"My reply to so general a question must be guided by the nature of the charge which renders it necessary. I request to know what that charge is, and upon what authority I am forcibly detained to reply to it?"

"The charge, Mr Waverley, I grieve to say, is of a very high nature, and affects your character both as a soldier and a subject. In the former capacity, you are charged with spreading mutiny and rebellion among the men you commanded, and setting them the example of desertion, by prolonging your own absence from

the regiment, contrary to the express orders of your commanding officer. The civil crime of which you stand accused is that of high-treason, and levying war against the king, the highest delinquency of which a subject can be guilty. ”

“And by what authority am I detained to reply to such heinous calumnies?”

“By one which you must not dispute, or I disobey.”

He handed to Waverley a warrant from the supreme criminal court of Scotland, in full form, for apprehending and securing the person of Edward Waverley, Esq. suspected of treasonable practices, and other high crimes and misdemeanors.

The astonishment which Waverley expressed at this communication was imputed by Major Melville to conscious guilt, while Mr Morton was rather disposed to construe it into the surprise of innocence unjustly suspected. There was something true in both conjectures; for although Edward's mind acquitted him of the crimes with which he was charged, yet a hasty review of his own conduct convinced him he might have great difficulty in establishing his innocence to the satisfaction of others.

“It is a very painful part of this painful business,” said Major Melville, after a pause, “that,

under so grave a charge, I must necessarily request to see such papers as you have on your person."

"You shall, sir, without reserve," said Edward, throwing his pocket-book and memorandums upon the table; "there is but one with which I could wish you would dispense."

"I am afraid I can indulge you with no reservation."

"You shall see it then, sir; and as it can be of no service, I beg it may be returned."

He took from his bosom the lines he had that morning received, and presented them with the envelope. The Major perused them in silence, and directed his clerk to make a copy of them. He then wrapped the copy in the envelope, and placing it on the table before him, returned the original to Waverley, with an air of melancholy gravity.

After indulging the prisoner, for such our hero must now be considered, with what he thought a reasonable time for reflection, Major Melville resumed his examination, premising, that, as Mr Waverley seemed to object to general questions, his interrogatories should be as specific as his information permitted. He then proceeded in his investigation, dictating, as he went on, the import of the questions and

answers to the amanuensis, by whom it was written down.

“Did Mr Waverley know one Humphry Houghton, a non-commissioned officer in G—’s dragoons?”

“Certainly; he was serjeant of my troop, and son of a tenant of my uncle.”

“Exactly — and had a considerable share of your confidence, and an influence among his comrades?”

“I had never occasion to repose confidence in a person of his description. I favoured Serjeant Houghton as a clever, active young fellow, and I believe his fellow-soldiers respected him accordingly.”

“But you used through this man to communicate with such of your troop as were recruited upon Waverley-Honour?”

“Certainly; the poor fellows, finding themselves in a regiment chiefly composed of Scotch or Irish, looked up to me in any of their little distresses, and naturally made their countryman, and serjeant, their spokesman on such occasions.”

“His influence, then, extended particularly over those soldiers who followed you to the regiment from your uncle’s estate?”

“Surely; — but what is that to the present purpose?”

“To that I am just coming, and I beseech your candid reply. Have you, since leaving the regiment, held any correspondence, direct or indirect, with this Serjeant Houghton?”

“I! — I hold correspondence with a man of his rank and situation! — How, or for what purpose?”

“That you are to explain; — but did you not, for example, send to him for some books?”

“You remind me of a trifling commission which I gave him, because my servant could not read. I do recollect I bade him, by letter, select some books, of which I sent him a list, and send them to me at Tully-Veolan.”

“And of what description were those books?”

“They related almost entirely to elegant literature: they were designed for a lady’s perusal.”

“Were there not, Mr Waverley, treasonable tracts and pamphlets among them?”

“There were some political treatises, into which I hardly looked. They had been sent to me by the officiousness of a kind friend, whose heart is more to be esteemed than his prudence or political sagacity: they seemed to be dull compositions.”

“That friend was a Mr Pembroke, a non-juring clergyman, the author of two treasonable works, of which the manuscripts were found among your baggage?”

“But of which, I give you my honour as a gentleman, I never read six pages.”

“I am not your judge. Mr Waverley; your examination will be transmitted elsewhere. And now to proceed — Do you know a person that passes by the name of Wily Will, or Will Ruthven?”

“I never heard of such a name till this moment.”

“Did you never through such a person, or any other person, communicate with Serjeant Humphry Houghton, instigating him to desert, with as many of his comrades as he could seduce to join him, and unite with the Highlanders and other rebels now in arms, under the command of the young Pretender?”

“I assure you I am not only entirely guiltless of the plot you have laid to my charge, but I detest it from the very bottom of my soul, nor would I be guilty of such a treachery to gain a throne, either for myself or any other man alive.”

“Yet when I consider this envelope, in the hand of one of those misguided gentlemen who are now in arms against this country, and the

verses which it inclosed, I cannot but find some analogy between the enterprize I have mentioned and the exploit of Wogan, which the writer seems to expect you should imitate."

Waverley was struck with the coincidence, but denied that the wishes or expectations of the letter-writer were to be regarded as proofs of a charge otherwise chimerical.

"But, if I am rightly informed, your time was spent, during your absence from the regiment, between the house of this Highland Chieftain, and that of Mr Bradwardine, of Bradwardine, also in arms for this unfortunate cause?"

"I do not mean to disguise it; but I do deny, most resolutely, being privy to any of their designs against the government."

"You do not, however, I presume, intend to deny, that you attended your host Glennaquoich to a rendezvous, where, under pretence of a general hunting match, most of the accomplices of his treason were assembled to concert measures for taking arms?"

"I acknowledge having been at such a meeting; but I neither heard nor saw any thing which could give it the character you affix to it."

“From thence you proceeded, with Glennaquoich and a part of his clan, to join the army of the young Pretender, and returned, after having paid your homage to him, to discipline and arm the remainder, and unite them to his bands on their way southward?”

“I never went with Glennaquoich on such an errand. I never so much as heard that the person whom you mention was in the country.”

He then detailed the history of his misfortune at the hunting match, and added, that on his return he found himself suddenly deprived of his commission, and did not deny that he then, for the first time, observed symptoms which indicated a disposition in the Highlanders to take arms; but added, that having no inclination to join their cause, and no longer any reason for remaining in Scotland, he was now on his return to his native country, to which he had been summoned by those who had a right to direct his motions, as Major Melville would perceive from the letters on the table.

Major Melville accordingly perused the letters of Richard Waverley, of Sir Everard, and of Aunt Rachael, but the inferences he drew from them were different from what Waverley expected. They held the language of discontent with government, threw out no obscure hints

of revenge, and that of poor Aunt Raehael, which plainly asserted the justice of the Stuart cause, was held to contain the open avowal of what the others only ventured to intimate.

“Permit me another question, Mr Waverley. Did you not receive repeated letters from your commanding-officer, warning you and commanding you to return to your post, and acquainting you with the use made of your name to spread discontent through your soldiers?”

“I never did, Major Melville. One letter, indeed, I received from him, containing a civil intimation of his wish that I would employ my leave of absence otherwise than in constant residence at Bradwardine, as to which, I own, I thought he was not called upon to interfere; and, finally, I had, on the same day in which I observed myself superseded in the Gazette, a second letter from Colonel G —, commanding me to join the regiment, an order which, owing to my absence, already mentioned and accounted for, I received too late to be obeyed. If there were any intermediate letters, and certainly from Colonel G —’s high character I think it probable that there were, they have never reached me.”

“I have omitted, Mr Waverley, to enquire
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after a matter of less consequence, but which has nevertheless been publicly talked of to your disadvantage. It is said that a treasonable toast having been proposed in your hearing and presence, you, holding his majesty's commission, suffered the task of resenting it to devolve upon another gentleman of the company. This, sir, cannot be charged against you in a court of justice; but if, as I am informed, the officers of your regiment requested an explanation of such a rumour, as a gentleman and soldier, I cannot but be surprised that you did not afford it to them."

This was too much. Beset and pressed on every hand by accusations, in which gross falsehoods were blended with such circumstances of truth as could not fail to procure them credit, — alone, unfriended, and in a strange land, Waverley almost gave up his life and honour for lost, and, leaning his head upon his hand, resolutely refused to answer any further questions, since the fair and candid statement he had already made had only served to furnish arms against him.

Without expressing either surprise or displeasure at the change in Waverley's manner, Major Melville proceeded composedly to put

several other queries to him. "What does it avail me to answer you?" said Edward, sullenly. "You appear convinced of my guilt, and wrest every reply I have made to support your own preconceived opinion. Enjoy it then, and torment me no further. If I am capable of the cowardice and treachery your charge burdens me with, I am not worthy to be believed in any reply I can make you. If I am not deserving of your suspicion — and God and my own conscience bear evidence with me that it is so — then I do not see why I should, by my candour, lend my accusers arms against my innocence. There is no reason I should answer a word more." And again he resumed his posture of sullen and determined silence.

"Allow me," said the magistrate, "to remind you of one reason that may suggest the propriety of a candid and open confession. The inexperience of youth, Mr Waverley, lays it open to the plans of the more designing and artful; and one of your friends at least — I mean Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich — ranks high in the latter class, as, from your apparent ingenuousness, youth, and unacquaintance with the manners of the Highlands, I should be disposed to place you among the former. In such a case, a false step, or error like yours, which

I shall be happy to consider as involuntary, may be atoned for, and I would willingly act as intercessor. But as you must necessarily be acquainted with the strength of the individuals in this country who have assumed arms, with their means, and with their plans, I must expect you will merit this mediation on my part by a frank and candid avowal of all that has come to your knowledge upon these heads. In which case, I think I can promise that a very short personal restraint will be the only ill consequence that can arise from your accession to these unhappy intrigues."

Waverley listened with great composure until the end of this exhortation, when, springing from his seat, with an energy he had not yet displayed, he replied, „Major Melville, since that is your name, I have hitherto answered your questions with candour, or declined them with temper, because their import concerned myself alone; but as you presume to esteem me mean enough to commence informer against others, who received me, whatever may be their public misconduct, as a guest and friend, — I declare to you that I consider your questions as an insult infinitely more offensive than your calumnious suspicions; and that, since my hard fortune permits me no other mode of re-

senting them than by verbal defiance, you should sooner have my heart out of my bosom, than a single syllable of information upon subjects which I could only become acquainted with in the full confidence of unsuspecting hospitality."

Mr Morton and the Major looked at each other; and the former, who, in the course of the examination, had been repeatedly troubled with a sorry rheum, had recourse to his snuff-box and his handkerchief.

"Mr Waverley," said the Major, "my present situation prohibits me alike from giving or receiving offence, and I will not protract a discussion which approaches to either. I am afraid I must sign a warrant for detaining you in custody, but this house shall for the present be your prison. I fear I cannot persuade you to accept a share of our supper? — (Edward shook his head) — but I will order refreshments in your apartment."

Our hero bowed and withdrew, under guard of the officers of justice, to a handsome but small room, where, declining all offer of food or wine, he flung himself on the bed, and, stupified by the harassing events and mental

fatigue of this miserable day, he sunk into a deep and heavy slumber. This was more than he himself could have expected; but it is mentioned of the North American Indians, when at the stake of torture, that on the least intermission of agony, they will sleep until the fire is applied to awaken them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A Conference, and the Consequence.

MAJOR MELVILLE had detained Mr Morton during his examination of Waverley, both because he thought he might derive assistance from his practical good sense and approved loyalty, and also because it was agreeable to have a witness of unimpeached candour and veracity to proceedings which touched the honour and safety of a young Englishman of high rank and family, and the expectant heir of a large fortune. Every step he knew would be rigorously canvassed, and it was his business to place the justice and integrity of his own conduct beyond the limits of question.

When Waverley retired, the Laird and Clergyman of Cairnvreckan sat down in silence to their evening meal. While the servants were in attendance, neither chose to say any thing on the circumstances which occupied their minds, and neither felt it easy to speak upon any other. The youth and apparent frankness of Waverley, stood in strong contrast to the shades of suspicion which darkened around him, and he had a sort of naiveté and openness of demeanour, that seemed to belong to one unhackneyed in the ways of intrigue, and which pleaded highly in his favour.

Each mused over the particulars of the examination, and each viewed it through the medium of his own feelings. Both were men of ready and acute talent, and both were equally competent to combine various points of evidence, and to deduce from them the necessary conclusions. But the wide difference of their habits and education often occasioned a great discrepancy in their respective deductions from admitted premises.

Major Melville had been versed in camps and cities; he was vigilant by profession, and cautious from experience, had met with much evil in the world, and therefore, though himself

an upright magistrate and an honourable man, his opinions of others were always strict, and sometimes unjustly severe. Mr Morton, on the contrary, had passed from the literary pursuits of a college, where he was beloved by his companions, and respected by his teachers, to the ease and simplicity of his present charge, where his opportunities of witnessing evil were few, and never dwelt upon, but in order to encourage repentance and amendment; and where the love and respect of his parishioners repaid his affectionate zeal in their behalf, by endeavouring to disguise from him what they knew would give him the most acute pain, — their own occasional transgressions, namely, of the duties which it was the business of his life to recommend. Thus it was a common saying in the neighbourhood (though both were popular characters,) that the laird knew only the ill in the parish, and the minister only the good.

A love of letters, though kept in subordination to his clerical studies and duties, also distinguished the Pastor of Cairnvreckan, and had tinged his mind in earlier days with a slight feeling of romance, which no after incidents of real life had entirely dissipated. The early loss of an amiable young woman, whom he had married for love, and who was quickly

followed to the grave by an only child, had also served, even after the lapse of many years, to soften and enhance a disposition naturally mild and contemplative. His feelings on the present occasion were therefore likely to differ from those of the severe disciplinarian, strict magistrate, and distrustful man of the world.

When the servants had withdrawn, the silence of both parties continued, until Major Melville, filling his glass, and pushing the bottle to Mr Morton, commenced,

“A distressing affair this, Mr Morton. I fear this youngster has brought himself within the compass of a halter.”

“God forbid!” answered the clergyman.

“Marry and amen,” said the temporal magistrate; but I think even your merciful logic will hardly deny the conclusion.”

“Surely, Major, I should hope it might be averted, for aught we have heard to night.”

“Indeed! — But, my good parson, you are one of those who would communicate to every criminal the benefit of clergy.”

“Unquestionably I would: Mercy and long-suffering are the grounds of the doctrine I am called to teach.”

“True, religiously speaking; but mercy to a criminal may be gross injustice to the community. I don't speak of his young fellow in particular, who I heartily wish may be able to clear himself, for I like both his modesty and his spirit. But I fear he has rushed upon his fate.”

“And why? Hundreds of misguided gentlemen are now in arms against the government, many, doubtless, upon principles which education and early prejudice have gilded with the names of patriotism and heroism; — Justice, when she selects her victims from such a multitude, (for surely all will not be destroyed,) must regard the moral motive. He whom ambition or hope of personal advantage, has led to disturb the peace of a well-ordered government, let him fall a victim to the laws; but surely youth, misled by the wild visions of chivalry and imaginary loyalty, may plead for pardon.”

“If visionary chivalry and imaginary loyalty come within the predicament of high treason, I know no court in Christendom, my dear Mr Morton, where they can sue out their Habeas Corpus.”

“But I cannot see that this youth's guilt is at all established to my satisfaction.”

„Because your good nature blinds your good sense. Observe now. This young man, descended of a family of hereditary Jacobites, his uncle the leader of the tory interest in the county of —, his father a disobliged and discontented courtier, his tutor a non-juror, and the author of two treasonable volumes — this youth, I say, enters into G —'s dragoons, bringing with him a body of young fellows from his uncle's estate, who have not stickled at avowing, in their way, the high-church principles they learned at Waverley-Honour, in their disputes with their comrades. To these young men Waverley is unusually attentive; they are supplied with money beyond a soldier's wants, and inconsistent with his discipline; and are under the management of a favourite serjeant, through whom they hold an unusually close communication with their captain, and affect to consider themselves as independent of the other officers, and superior to their comrades.“

„All this, my dear Major, is the natural consequence of their attachment to their young landlord, and of their finding themselves in a regiment levied chiefly in the north of Ireland and west of Scotland, and of course among comrades disposed to quarrel with them, both

as Englishmen, and as of the church of England."

"Well said, parson! — I would some of your synod heard you — But let me go on. This young man obtains leave of absence, goes to Tully-Veolan — the principles of the Baron of Bradwardine are pretty well known, not to mention that this lad's uncle brought him off in the year fifteen; he engages there in a brawl, in which he is said to have disgraced the commission he bore; Colonel G— writes to him, first mildly, then more sharply — I think you will not doubt his having done so, since he says so; the mess invite him to explain the quarrel, in which he is said to have been involved; he neither replies to his commander nor his comrades. In the meanwhile his soldiers become mutinous and disorderly, and at length, when the rumour of this unhappy rebellion becomes general, his favourite Serjeant Houghton, and another fellow, are detected in correspondence with a French emissary, accredited, as he says, by Captain Waverley, who urges him, according to the men's confession, to desert with the troop and join their captain, who was with Prince Charles. In the meanwhile this trusty captain is, by his own admission, residing at Glennaquoich with the

most active, subtle, and desperate Jacobite in Scotland; he goes with him at least as far as their famous hunting rendezvous, and I fear a little farther. Meanwhile two other summonses are sent him; one warning him of the disturbances in his troop, another peremptorily ordering him to repair to the regiment, which indeed common sense might have dictated, when he observed rebellion thickening all round him. He returns an absolute refusal, and throws up his commission.

«He had been already deprived of it.»

«But he regrets that the measure had anticipated his resignation. His baggage is seized at his quarters, and at Tully-Veolan, and is found to contain a stock of pestilent jacobitical pamphlets, enough to poison a whole country, besides the unprinted lucubrations of his worthy friend and tutor Mr. Pembroke.»

«He says he never read them.»

«In an ordinary case I should believe him, for they are as stupid and pedantic in composition as mischievous in their tenets. But can you suppose any thing but value for the principles they maintain, would induce a young man of his age to lug such trash about with

him? Then, when news arrive of the approach of the rebels, he sets out in a sort of disguise, refusing to tell his name; and, if that old fanatic tell truth, attended by a very suspicious character, and mounted on a horse known to have belonged to Glennaquoich, and bearing on his person letters from his family expressing high rancour against the house of Brunswick, and a copy of verses in praise of one Wogan, who abjured the service of the parliament to join the Highland insurgents, when in arms to restore the house of Stuart, with a body of English cavalry — the very counterpart of his own plot — and summed up with a Go thou and do likewise, from that loyal subject, and most safe and peaceable character, Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, Vich Ian Vohr, and so forth. And, lastly," continued Major Melville, warming in the detail of his arguments, "where do we find this second edition of Cavalier Wogan? Why, truly, in the very track most proper for execution of his design, and pistol-ling the first of the king's subjects who ventures to question his intentions."

Mr Morton prudently abstained from argument, which he perceived would only harden the magistrate in his opinion, and barely asked how he intended to dispose of the prisoner?

«It is a question of some difficulty, considering the state of the country.»

«Could you not detain him (being such a gentleman-like young man) here in your own house, out of harm's way, till this storm blow over?»

«My good friend, neither your house nor mine will be long out of harm's way, even were it legal to confine him here. I have just learned that the commander-in-chief, who marched into the Highlands to seek out and disperse the insurgents, has declined giving them battle at Corryerick, and marched on northwards with all the disposable force of government to Inverness, John-o'-Groat's House, or the devil, for what I know, leaving the road to the low country open and undefended to the Highland army.»

«Good God! Is the man a coward, a traitor, or an idiot?»

«None of the three, I believe. He has the common-place courage of a common soldier, is honest enough, does what he is commanded, and understands what is told him, but is as fit to act for himself, in circumstances of impor-

tance, as I, my dear parson, to occupy your pulpit."

This important public intelligence naturally diverted the discourse from Waverley for some time; at length, however the subject was resumed.

"I believe," said Major Melville, "that I must give this young man in charge to some of the detached parties of armed volunteers, who were lately sent out to overawe the disaffected districts. They are now recalled towards Stirling, and a small body comes this way to-morrow or next day, commanded by the westland man — what's his name? — You saw him, and said he was the very model of one of Cromwell's military saints."

"Gilfillan, the Cameronian. I wish the young gentleman may be safe with him. Strange things are done in the heat and hurry of minds in so agitating a crisis, and I fear Gilfillan is of a sect which has suffered persecution without learning mercy."

"He has only to lodge Mr Waverley in Stirling Castle: I will give strict injunctions to treat him well. I really cannot devise any better

mode for securing him, and I fancy you would hardly advise me to encounter the responsibility of setting him at liberty."

"But you will have no objection to my seeing him to-morrow in private?"

"None, certainly; your loyalty and character are my warrant. But with what view do you make the request?"

"Simply to make the experiment whether he may not be brought to communicate to me some circumstances which may hereafter be useful to alleviate, if not to exculpate, his conduct."

The friends now parted and retired to rest, each filled with the most anxious reflections on the state of the country.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Confidant.

WAVERLEY awoke in the morning, from troubled dreams and unrefreshing slumbers, to a full consciousness of the horrors of his situation. How it might terminate he knew not. He might be delivered up to military law, which, in the midst of civil war, was not likely to be scrupulous in the choice of its victims, or the quality of the evidence. Nor did he feel much more comfortable at the thoughts of a trial before a Scottish court of justice where he knew the laws and forms differed in many respects from those of England, and had been taught

to believe, however erroneously, that the liberty and rights of the subject were less carefully protected. A sentiment of bitterness rose in his mind against the government, which he considered as the cause of his embarrassment and peril, and he cursed internally his scrupulous rejection of Mac-Ivor's invitation to accompany him to the field. "Why did not I," he said to himself, like other men of honour, take the earliest opportunity to welcome to Britain the descendant of her ancient kings, and lineal heir of her throne? Why did not I

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith,
Seek out Prince Charles, and fall before his feet?

All that has been recorded of excellence and worth in the house of Waverley has been founded upon their loyal faith to the house of Stuart. From the interpretation which this Scotch magistrate has put upon the letters of my uncle and father, it is plain that I ought to have understood them as marshalling me to the course of my ancestors; and it has been my gross dulness, joined to the obscurity of expression which they adopted for the sake of security,

that has confounded my judgment. Had I yielded to the first generous impulse of indignation, when I learned that my honour was practised upon, how different had been my present situation! I had then been free and in arms, fighting, like my forefathers, for love, for loyalty, and for fame. And now I am here, netted and in the toils, at the disposal of a suspicious, stern, and cold-hearted man, perhaps to be turned over to the solitude of a dungeon, or the infamy of a public execution. O Fergus! how true has your prophecy proved; and how speedy, how very speedy, has been its accomplishment!"

While Edward was ruminating on these painful subjects of contemplation, and very naturally, though not quite so justly, bestowing upon the reigning dynasty that blame which was due to chance, or, in part at least, to his own unreflecting conduct, Mr Morton availed himself of Major Melville's permission to pay him an early visit.

Waverley's first impulse was to intimate a desire that he might not be disturbed with questions or conversation; but he suppressed it upon observing the benevolent and reverend appearance of the clergyman who had rescued

him from the immediate violence of the villagers.

“I believe, sir,” said the unfortunate young man, “that in any other circumstances I should have had as much gratitude to express to you as the safety of my life may be worth; but such is the present tumult of my mind, and such is my anticipation of what I am yet likely to endure, that I can hardly offer you thanks for your interposition.”

Mr Morton replied, “that, far from making any claim upon his good opinion, his only wish and the sole purpose of his visit was to find out the means of deserving it. My excellent friend, Major Melville,” he continued, “has feelings and duties as a soldier and public functionary, by which I am not fettered; nor can I always coincide in opinions which he forms, perhaps with too little allowance for the imperfections of human nature.” He paused, and then proceeded; “I do not intrude myself on your confidence, Mr Waverley, for the purpose of learning any circumstances, the knowledge of which can be prejudicial either to yourself or to others; but I own my earnest wish is, that you would intrust me with any particulars which could lead to your exculpation.

I can solemnly assure you they will be deposited with a faithful, and, to the extent of his limited powers, a zealous agent."

"You are, sir, I presume, a presbyterian clergyman?" — Mr Morton bowed — "Were I to be guided by the prepossessions of education, I might distrust your friendly professions in my case; but I have observed that similar prejudices are nourished in this country against your professional brethren of the episcopal persuasion, and I am willing to believe them equally unfounded in both cases."

"Evil to him that thinks otherwise," said Mr Morton; "or who holds church government and ceremonies as the gage of Christian faith or moral virtue."

"But," continued Waverley, "I cannot perceive why I should trouble you with a detail of particulars, out of which, after revolving them as carefully as possible in my recollection, I find myself unable to explain much of what is charged against me. I know, indeed, that I am innocent, but I hardly see how I can hope to prove myself so."

“It is for that very reason, Mr Waverley, that I venture to solicit your confidence. My knowledge of individuals in this country is pretty general, and can upon occasion be extended. Your situation will, I fear, preclude your taking those active steps for recovering intelligence, or tracing imposture, which I would willingly undertake in your behalf; and if you are not benefited by my exertions, at least they cannot be prejudicial to you.”

Waverley, after a few minutes reflection, was convinced that his reposing confidence in Mr Morton, so far as he himself was concerned, could hurt neither Mr Bradwardine nor Fergus Mac-Ivor, both of whom had openly assumed arms against the government, and that it might possibly, if the professions of his new friend corresponded in sincerity with the earnestness of his expression, be of some service to himself. He therefore ran briefly over most of the events with which the reader is already acquainted, suppressing his attachment to Flora, and indeed neither mentioning her nor Rose Bradwardine in the course of his narrative.

Mr Morton seemed particularly struck with the account of Waverley's visit to Donald Bean Lean. “I am glad,” he said, “you did not

mention this circumstance to the Major. It is capable of great misconstruction on the part of those who do not consider the power of curiosity and the influence of romance as motives of youthful conduct. When I was a young man like you, Mr Waverley, any such hare-brained expedition (I beg your pardon for the expression) would have had inexpressible charms for me. But there are men in the world who will not believe that danger and fatigue are often incurred without any very adequate cause, and therefore who are sometimes led to assign motives of action entirely foreign to the truth. This man Bean Lean is renowned through the country as a sort of Robin Hood, and the stories which are told of his address and enterprise are the common tales of the winter fire-side. He certainly possesses talents beyond the rude sphere in which he moves; and, being neither destitute of ambition nor encumbered with scruples, he will probably attempt, by every means, to distinguish himself during the period of these unhappy commotions." — Mr Morton then made a careful memorandum of the various particulars of Waverley's interview with Donald Bean, and the other circumstances which he had communicated.

The interest which this good man seemed to

take in his misfortunes, above all, the full confidence he appeared to repose in his innocence, had the natural effect of softening Edward's heart, whom the coldness of Major Melville had taught to believe that the world was leagued to oppress him. He shook Mr Morton warmly by the hand, and, assuring him that his kindness and sympathy had relieved his mind of a heavy load, told him, that whatever might be his own fate, he belonged to a family who had both gratitude and the power of displaying it. The earnestness of his thanks called drops to the eyes of the worthy clergyman, who was doubly interested in the cause for which he had volunteered his services, by observing the genuine and undissembled feelings of his young friend.

Edward now enquired if Mr Morton knew what was likely to be his destination.

“Stirling Castle,” replied his friend; “and so far I am well pleased for your sake, for the governor is a man of honour and humanity. But I am more doubtful of your treatment upon the road; Major Melville is involuntarily obliged to intrust the custody of your person to another.”

“I am glad of it. I detest that cold-blooded calculating Scotch magistrate. I hope he and I shall never meet more: he had neither sympathy with my innocence nor with my wretchedness; and the petrifying accuracy with which he attended to every form of civility, while he tortured me by his questions, his suspicions, and his inferences, was as tormenting as the racks of the Inquisition. Do not vindicate him, my dear sir, for that I cannot bear with patience; tell me rather who is to have the charge of so important a state prisoner as I am.”

“I believe a person called Gilfillan, one of the sect who are termed Cameronians.”

“I never heard of them before.”

“They claim to represent the more strict and severe presbyterians, who, in Charles Second's and James Second's days, refused to profit by the Toleration, or Indulgence, as it was called, which was extended to others of that religion. They held conventicles in the open fields, and being treated with great violence and cruelty by the Scottish government, more than once took arms during these reigns. They take their name from their leader, Richard Cameron.”

„I recollect; — but did not the triumph of presbytery at the Revolution extinguish that sect?“

„By no means; that great event fell yet far short of what they proposed, which was nothing less than the complete establishment of the church upon the grounds of the old Solemn League and Covenant. Indeed, I believe they scarce knew what they wanted; but being then a numerous body of men, and not unacquainted with the use of arms, they kept themselves together as a separate party in the state, and at the time of the Union had nearly formed a most unnatural league with their old enemies, the Jacobites, to oppose that important national measure. Since that time their numbers have gradually diminished; but a good many are still to be found in the western counties, and several, with a better temper than in 1707, have now taken arms for government. This person, whom they call Gifted Gilfillan, has been long a leader among them, and now heads a small party, which will pass here to-day or to-morrow on their march toward Stirling, under whose escort Major Melville proposes you shall travel. I would willingly speak to Gilfillan in your behalf; but, having deeply imbibed all the prejudices of the sect, and being of the same fierce

disposition, he would pay little regard to the remonstrance of an Erastian divine, as he would politely term me. — And now, farewell, my young friend; for the present I must not weary out the Major's indulgence, that I may obtain his permission to visit you again in the course of the day."

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